

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

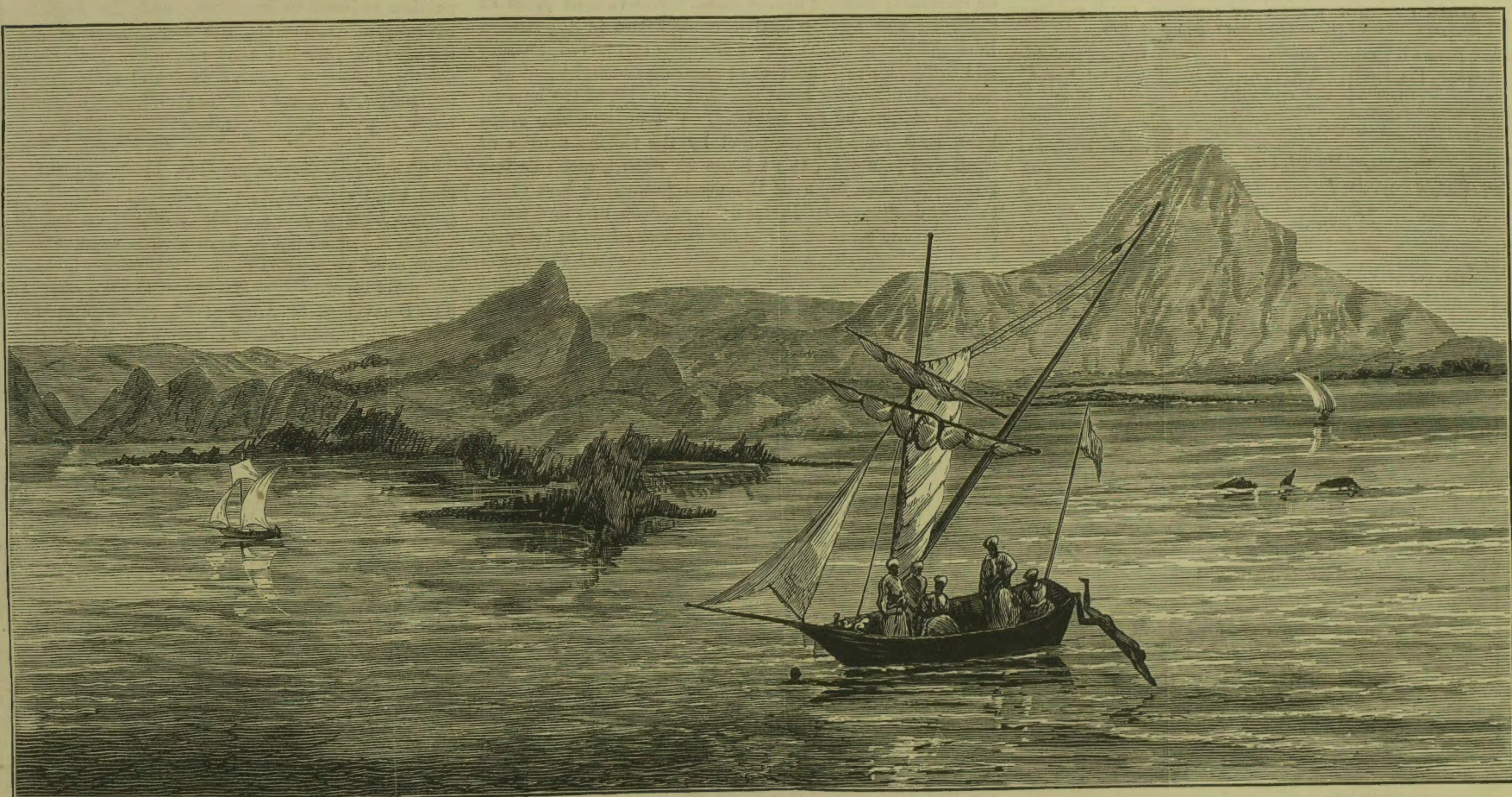
No. 2316.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE. By Post, 6³/₄d.



ISLAND OF KRAKATOA, IN THE STRAITS OF SUNDA, THE CENTRE OF THE LATE VOLCANIC ERUPTION, SAID TO HAVE DISAPPEARED.



EAST COAST AND ISLANDS OF THE STRAITS OF SUNDA, WITH ANJER, A PORT OF JAVA.



THE STRAITS OF SUNDA, AS SEEN AFTER LEAVING ANJER.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE STRAITS OF SUNDA.

BIRTH.

On the 2nd inst., at Warrow, the wife of R. I. Lindley, C.E., of a son.

DEATHS.

On the 31st ult., at 7, Warrington-crescent, Maida-vale, W., after three days' illness, Emma Louisa, the beloved wife of Kenneth Haweis James, aged 49 years.

On the 1st inst., at Linton Park, Maidstone, in her 39th year, the Viscountess Holmesdale.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 15.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 9.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.; Moon's First Quarter, 0.38 p.m. 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., Rev. M. Creighton. Morning Lessons: II. Chron. xxxvi.; II. Cor. i. 1-23. Evening Lessons: Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., 3 p.m. Neh. i. and ii. 1-9 or viii.; Mark i. 1-9. Savoy, 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain.

MONDAY, SEPT. 10.—Trade Union Congress at Nottingham: Opening Meeting, the President's address, noon.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 11.

Horticultural Society, committee, &c. Library Association, annual meeting, Doncaster Races. Liverpool (four days).

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12.

Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse, Doncaster Races: St. Leger Day. born, 1837.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 13.—Royal Highland Yacht Club Regatta, Oban.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14.

Holy Cross Day. The Duke of Wellington died, 1852.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 15.—Thames Sailing Club Regatta, Teddington.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY. Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

| DAY. | DAILY MEANS OF | | | | | THERMOM. | | WIND. | | Miles. | In. |
|---------|----------------------|-------------------------|------------|--------------------|------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--------|-----|
| | Barometer Corrected. | Temperature of the Air. | Dew Point. | Relative Humidity. | Amount of Cloud. | Maximum, read at 2 p.m. | Minimum, read at 10 p.m. | General Direction. | Movement in 24 hours. | | |
| Aug. 26 | 30.085 | 63.8 | 49.0 | 61 | 3 | 76.3 | 50.2 | E. WNW. | 102 | 0.000 | |
| 27 | 29.976 | 64.5 | 49.5 | 61 | 9 | 75.5 | 53.7 | NW. WSW. | 223 | .000 | |
| 28 | 29.928 | 65.5 | 51.3 | 62 | 2 | 74.0 | 59.3 | W. WNW. WSW. | 218 | .000 | |
| 29 | 29.848 | 63.2 | 53.2 | 72 | 7 | 70.8 | 58.8 | WSW. WNW. | 251 | .000 | |
| 30 | 29.846 | 62.3 | 52.8 | 73 | 9 | 69.9 | 56.7 | WSW. SW. | 312 | .080 | |
| 31 | 29.661 | 56.8 | 54.1 | 91 | 10 | 63.4 | 54.8 | W. SW. N. | 115 | .490 | |
| Sept. 1 | 29.370 | 58.0 | 51.4 | 80 | 9 | 65.0 | 52.3 | W. SSW. SSE. | 297 | 0.115 | |

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m. :—

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------------------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| Barometer (in inches) corrected | 30.103 | 30.021 | 29.981 | 29.806 | 29.830 | 29.753 | 29.526 |
| Temperature of Air | 65.6 | 67.1 | 68.8 | 64.6 | 61.6 | 62.3 | 61.0 |
| Temperature of Evaporation | 59.9 | 58.1 | 58.5 | 59.6 | 55.6 | 58.3 | 56.5 |
| Direction of Wind | SE. | SW. | NW. | WNW. | WSW. | WSW. | SW. |

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

| Sunday. | | Monday. | | Tuesday. | | Wednesday. | | Thursday. | | Friday. | | Saturday. | |
|---------|----|---------|----|----------|----|------------|----|-----------|----|---------|----|-----------|----|
| h | m | h | m | h | m | h | m | h | m | h | m | h | m |
| 6 | 5 | 8 | 27 | 6 | 53 | 7 | 19 | 7 | 50 | 8 | 28 | 9 | 10 |
| 10 | 35 | 10 | 35 | 10 | 35 | 10 | 35 | 10 | 35 | 11 | 45 | 11 | 45 |

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d.; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these Trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEUHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Weekday as under:—
Victoria Station. London Bridge Station. Paris.
Sept. 8 Dep. 9.10 a.m. Dep. 9.20 a.m. Arr. 8.28 p.m.
" 10 " 10.35 a.m. " 10.45 a.m. " 9.40 p.m.
" 11 " 11.50 a.m. " 12.00 noon " 11.45 p.m.
" 12 " 1.15 p.m. " 1.25 p.m. " 12.35 a.m.

NIGHT TIDAL SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.

FARES.—London to Paris and Back—1st Class. 2nd Class.
Available for Return within One Month .. £2 15 0 £1 19 0
Third-Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.
The "Normandy" and "Britannia," splendid fast paddle-steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under Four Hours.
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 5, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—The SUMMER SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to the above-named Stations at reduced fares.

TOURIST TICKETS, available up to Dec. 31, 1883, are also issued from London (Liverpool-street) to Filey, Scarborough, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.

For further particulars see bills. London, September, 1883. WILLIAM BERT, General Manager.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION. LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD.

Open Daily, from Nine a.m. to Ten p.m., except Wednesday, when doors are open from Ten a.m. to Eleven p.m. until further notice.

BRIGHTON ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles. The Full Band of the GRENADEIERS, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, will perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best Composers Daily from 3.30 to 9.45 p.m.

Admission 1s. on every weekday, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, One Guinea.

EVENING FETES.—On EVERY WEDNESDAY until further notice the Exhibition will be open until Eleven p.m. The Band will play until 10.45. Special FETES will be held, and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated by Chinese Lanterns, Coloured Fires, &c., under the management of Mr. James Pain, as on the occasion of the Royal Fête on July 18.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Triumphant success of the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY FROM EVERY PERFORMANCE. The new and beautiful songs, and the new comic sketches of THE CHARLESTOWN BLUES, SINGING IN THE SALVATION ARMY, and THE RAIN OF TERROR.

with its startling atmospheric effects, applauded to the echo. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT. Omnibuses run from the Fish-ies Exhibition direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN.

Upwards of One Hundred subjects from the Bible, in Terra-Cotta and Donlton Ware, including "The Release of Barabbas," "Preparing for the Crucifixion," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Going to Calvary."

TINWORTH EXHIBITION, ART GALLERIES, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. Open from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets issued by The Interleaf or Leaflet Company, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

The quiet of the holiday season has been rudely disturbed by accounts of terrific convulsions and elemental disturbances, which alike illustrate the resistless forces of nature and the inability of man to foresee or guard against their sudden action. Possibly, if premonitory symptoms had not been disregarded, the fatal results of the catastrophe which recently overwhelmed the Island of Ischia might have been mitigated. But no warnings or forebodings could have availed to check the devastation caused by the combined earthquake and seaquake that last week upheaved land and sea in the Straits of Sunda, the gateway of the China Sea, submerged the volcanic Island of Krakatoa, created more than a dozen volcanic craters around, and caused a great tidal wave that overwhelmed many flourishing towns in Java and Sumatra. The destruction of life and property by this appalling convulsion is at present conjectural, but there is reason to fear that its victims are to be reckoned by tens of thousands. Apparently, the huge wave that rushed upon the shores on either side was more destructive than the earthquake, and was felt with greater severity, because these volcanic and exceptionally fertile colonies of Holland are more densely populated than almost any other portion of the globe. The strait, a hundred miles long, which unites the Indian Ocean with the China Sea, has been rendered quite unsafe for navigation.

We have also to bewail, though in a restricted sense, an elemental disaster nearer home. The furious gales of Saturday and Sunday caused much havoc in the British Isles and throughout Western Europe. Happily, the warm and brilliant weather of the preceding fortnight had sufficed to facilitate the ingathering of the bulk of the harvest in the southern half of England. But outstanding crops have been seriously damaged by the violent squalls of wind and rain that, to so large an extent, and in a few hours, desolated some of the most promising hop plantations, destroyed or injured the produce of our fruitful orchards, and strewn our coasts with wrecks. In Ireland, where the harvest is always late, the effects of the storm have been peculiarly disastrous, though we may hope that the report as to the wholesale destruction of the crops of hay and wheat is greatly exaggerated. A bad harvest on the other side of St. George's Channel would be nothing short of a national calamity, and might tend to revive those scenes of distress and disorder which, a week ago, there was reason to believe had become a sad reminiscence of a troublous past.

The long-foreseen collision between France and China, which it was hoped the sagacity of the Paris Cabinet would have averted, seems to be now almost inevitable. The capture of Hué, the capital of Annam, and the prompt acceptance by its new Sovereign of the stringent conditions imposed by the conqueror, have not materially assisted the French Republic in the ultimate object of its aggressive policy in Asia. It is becoming clear that persistence in the expedition to Tonquin means war with China, the Government of which empire has been roused to action by the submission of the Annamese to a French protectorate in violation of treaty rights. The blockade of the coast of Tonquin by the French Admiral, after the war with Annam was at an end; the urgent demand of General Bouet for a reinforcement of 5000 men; and the quarrel of M. Tricou with Li-Hung-Chang, point to more serious complications. If it be true that the Government of Pekin have sent an army of 15,000 men into the field against the French expedition, and is fitting out a naval squadron at Shanghai, an outbreak of hostilities between the two Powers must be imminent. Happily, for the present, the season forbids military operations in Tonquin—the country being to a considerable extent under water; and during the short interval it is possible that M. Challeme-Lacour and the Marquis Tseng may come to an amicable arrangement.

No one is more vitally interested in a pacific settlement than ourselves. While the French have only sentimental interests in Chinese waters, those of England are vast and substantial. If war should break out, and especially if, as is probable, the struggle should be protracted and exhausting, it will be difficult to prevent this country from being drawn into the fray. It will, of course, be the anxious desire of the Chinese to compromise England, and Colonel Gordon, whose views on such a subject are based on a wide experience, is of opinion that, "humanly speaking, China going to war with France must entail our following suit." To onlookers the risks which the French

Republic is running, and the disasters that must almost inevitably befall its troops in the swampy regions of Tonquin, are obvious enough. But apparently the French Government are infatuated, or else they have created a situation from which retreat is difficult, if not hopeless. No doubt her Majesty's Ministers are alive to the emergency, and we may confidently rely upon Lord Granville to spare no effort to bring about an amicable settlement of this grave international quarrel.

A disastrous campaign amid the swamps of Tonquin against unlimited Chinese troops would do more to shake the stability of the French Republic than external jealousy or active Monarchical intrigues. But for its colonial aggressions and waste of strength in sterile foreign enterprises, France would have no cause for disquietude. It may be in a sense regarded as ominous that King Alfonso of Spain seems so anxious to lean to the central Powers of Europe rather than to the other members of the Latin race. But the alliance between Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Italy is essentially one for defensive purposes, and Prince Bismarck has no higher ambition than to act as the chief policeman of Europe. Spite of occasional warnings to indiscreet Frenchmen, he regards a Republic across the frontier as a better guarantee of the general peace than a Monarchy, and confides more in the pacific qualities of a Grévy than in the constitutional timidity of a Comte de Paris.

What M. Thiers said soon after the overthrow at Sedan, the anniversary of which was a few days ago celebrated at Berlin, is still more true after the lapse of a dozen years—the Republic least divides Frenchmen. That the Monarchists are only jealous and irreconcilable factions could not be concealed even at the gorgeous funeral obsequies of the disinterested and simple-minded Comte de Chambord at Görtz, when the solemnity of the occasion could not smother political rivalries, and where Don Carlos was, by the infatuation of the Countess, allowed to occupy the pre-eminent position which prescription and good feeling should have assigned to the Orleanist Prince whom the deceased Pretender to the throne of France formally recognised as his successor. With the Bonapartists reduced to impotence, and the Legitimists torn by internal dissensions, the Republicans of France have nothing to fear but that restless and aggressive spirit among themselves which alarms and alienates neighbouring States, and may in the end, by discrediting the national prestige, precipitate a catastrophe.

The French Government, in overcoming the difficulties that beset them in their ill-advised expedition to Madagascar, have shown a spirit of discretion and conciliation which, if carried out in Asia, might, even at the eleventh hour, avert a war with China. It will be easy for them to make adequate reparation to Mr. Shaw, the innocent missionary, and the victim of Admiral Pierre's arbitrary arrogance. That high-handed officer is succeeded by Admiral Galiber, whose demands upon the Malagasy are greatly restricted. But the French representative will not find his position improved by the change of Sovereigns at Antananarivo. The Prime Minister, who is virtually supreme in Madagascar, and is the determined foe of foreign aggression, is still in power. By a curious local law, that high official must be the husband of the reigning Sovereign, if a female, and his influence will hardly be less as the consort of the niece who has succeeded to the throne, than as the consort of the aunt who preceded her.

MR. RUSSELL LOWELL ON FIELDING.

The Hon. J. Russell Lowell, the United States Minister, unveiled on Tuesday, at Taunton, a memorial bust to Henry Fielding, which has been placed in the Shirehall of that town. Mr. Lowell sketched the life of Fielding, and delivered an eloquent panegyric upon his works, which, he said, marked an era from which we date the beginning of a consciously new form of literature. It was not without reason that Byron, expanding a hint given somewhere by Fielding himself, called him "The prose Homer of human nature." He was not merely an original writer, but an originator. He had the merit, whatever it may be, of inventing the realistic novel as it is called. He did not, and could not idealise, his object being exact truth; but he realised the actual life around him as none had done before and none since. Mr. Lowell admitted that Fielding's books cannot be recommended *virginibus puerisque*, not because they would corrupt, but because they would shock; this, however, need not affect the fact that he was a great and original genius, who has done honour to his country. It has become an established principle of criticism that, in judging a man, we must take into account the age in which he lived, and which was as truly a part of him as he of it. The age into which he was born "was a generation whose sense of smell was undisturbed by odours that would now evoke a Sanitary Commission, and its moral nostrils were of an equally masculine temper." But besides this, Fielding was a naturalist in the sense that he was an instinctive and careful observer, he loved truth, and, for an artist, seems too often to have missed the distinction between truth and exactitude. He forgot the warning of Sir Walter Raleigh, perhaps more important to the artist than to the historian, that it is dangerous to follow truth too near. Mr. Lowell concluded by saying that if we seek for a single characteristic which more than any other would sum Fielding up, we should say that it was his absolute manliness, a manliness in its type English from top to toe.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The respected Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon has written to the *Times* to say that, "the silly season" having begun, some of the newspapers are "amusing themselves with reports that Shakespeare's bones are about to be exhumed." The reverend gentleman adds that his consent to such exhumation had never been asked, and, consequently, never been given; and that the only ground for these rumours was, that in acknowledging a pamphlet from Dr. Ingleby (one of the trustees of the poet's birthplace), the Rector of Stratford-on-Avon said that if public opinion were clearly expressed in favour of an exploration of the poet's tomb, he, the Vicar, should offer no opposition. The conclusion of the reverend gentleman's communication is characteristic:—

I am much more concerned at present in repairing and beautifying the church in which he (Shakespeare) lies, for which I should be glad to receive any subscriptions your readers may like to give me.

I hope that this appeal will be met in a generous spirit by the benevolent public. There is, it strikes me, a triple reason why the munificently-minded should send cheques and P.O. orders to the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon. First, because it is normally a good thing to subscribe towards the repairing and beautifying of a church—provided always that the work is not done by that too energetic firm, Messrs. Goth, Ostrogoth, Visigoth, Vandal, and Co.; second, because the collegiate church at Stratford is Shakespeare's church; and, last, for the sake of the astute adroitness displayed by the Rev. Vicar.

Somewhere about the year 1845 an exceptionally scandalous suit, "*Geils v. Geils*," was occupying the attention of the Court of Arches; and concerning the suit in question the leading journal had written more than one powerful article. There was at the time a fishmonger in the City—I think in Lombard-street—who was also a poet. On large placards stuck all over his shop he would indite sonnets on his salmon, sapphics on his skate, heroics on his herrings, and distichs on his John Dories. And his poesy was as fresh, every morning, as his fish. One day, when the Court of Arches excitement was at its height, I noticed on the poet-fishmonger's marble slab this couplet:—

So the *Times* takes an interest in the case of Geils.
I wish it would take some in my eels.

Says, in effect, the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, "Never mind the silly rumours about the exhumation of Shakespeare's bones; but take an interest in my eels—that is, send me some money for repairing my church." Rarely has an occasion been so cleverly "improved."

At the same time, it must be respectfully pointed out that the proposal to violate the sanctity of the tomb of Shakespeare has nothing whatever to do with the "silly" season. It is not the first time such a reprehensible project has been mooted by the "trouble tombs." The most recent proposal, that of Dr. Ingleby, was published before the "silly season" began; and the *Standard* and the *Daily News*, and other influential journals which have commented upon the contemplated act of desecration, have not by any means "amused themselves" with the report. They have simply denounced the scheme in language of the sternest reprobation.

More than this, one of the highest of living Shakespearean authorities, Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillips, has addressed a memorial to the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, in which he earnestly submits reasons against the suggested disinterment. Says the distinguished author of the "*Outlines of Shakespeare's Life*"—

Whatever opinion may be formed respecting the authorship of the lines on the gravestone, there can scarcely be a reasonable doubt that they are a record of the poet's own wishes. . . . If a skull were found in the grave, and its formation corresponded to the monumental bust, there would merely be a confirmation of our present knowledge. If, on the contrary, its formation did not so correspond, the inference would naturally be that it was not Shakespeare's; the evidence of the bust altogether outweighing that of a particular skull found in the grave. It must be recollected that we are almost destitute of information to the extent to which the series of graves in the chancel has been tampered with during the 267 years which have now elapsed; it being only by the merest accident that we know for certain that one of the Shakespearean tombs was disturbed in the last century for the interment of a stranger.

Mem.: The "trouble tombs" (there are too many of them in our midst) may plead, as precedents for the exhumation of the illustrious dead, that the sepulchre of Raffaele in the Pantheon at Rome was opened in 1833 by the order of Pope Gregory XVI., and that early in the present century the coffin of Charles I. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was opened by order of the Prince Regent. In both these cases there was a good and sufficient reason for the act of exhumation. In the first instance, the Roman archaeologists had gravely doubted the accuracy of Vasari's account of the burial-place of the illustrious painter of the "Transfiguration;" and the Academy of St. Luke had long been in possession of a skull which was declared to be that of Raffaele, over which the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim had gone into ecstasies of admiration. So at length the *Sommo Pontifice* suffered the grave in the Pantheon to be explored. The skeleton of Raffaele Sanzio of Urbino was found intact; the accuracy of Vasari was vindicated; and the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim took a back seat.

In the case of Charles I., nobody, for generations, had been able to tell with certainty where the remains of the hapless King were interred. There was, moreover, a ghastly tradition to the effect that Charles's headless corse had been stolen by the Republicans, and that it was his remains, and not those of Cromwell, which, at the Restoration, were flung into the pit beneath the gallows at Tyburn. The discovery of the place of interment, and the opening of the leaden coffin inscribed "King Charles, 1648," set all doubts at rest. The decolled corpse was found in a wonderful state of preservation. The hair, beard, and general expression of the "gray, discrowned head," being plainly discernible. No such result could be hoped for in digging the dust of Shakespeare. Very possibly nothing but dust remains there.

"Mon cher, tu perds cent sous de feuilleton," Honoré de Balzac used to remind a literary confrère when he talked eloquently without being paid for it. A distinguished lady novelist has just sent me I know not how many guineas' worth of "copy" in frankalmoin, in the shape of the description of a new French watering-place, which she has discovered. The *trouvaille* is Paramé, on the coast of Brittany, and in the department of Ile-et-Vilaine, near St. Malo.

At Paramé there is a shallow bay with a vast stretch of fine firm sands, with a picturesque outlook, and low rocks dotted about the foreground. The quaint old walls of the town of St. Malo are to the left, and to the right the bold headlands towards Cancale. On the keystone of the bay has been built a grand new hotel, capable of accommodating three hundred guests, and with a casino and ball-room attached. The ball-room has a charming *succursale*, in the shape of a theatre, where Céline Chaumont has lately been playing "Toto chez Tata" and "Madame attend Monsieur" for the benefit of the poor. If Brighton were not quite good enough (and, perhaps, too good) for the likes of me, I would leave to Paramé at once.

Once a year I have a spell of novel reading, alternating the modern with the bygone three-volume romances: now Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, and Mrs. Maberley (did you ever read "The Mummy"?), now the contemporary Queens and Kings of fiction, whom it would be invidious to name. Rummaging among the "selling off" stock of a circulating library in the Western Road, I came across a novel published by Messrs. Smith and Elder in the year 1857. The name of the book is "Friends of Bohemia"; of the author, E. M. Whitty.

I knew Edward Whitty very well. He wrote, in addition to the novel I have mentioned, a series of trenchant political essays under the title of "The Governing Classes." The son (if I remember aright) of a newspaper proprietor at Liverpool, who once had a noted passage-at-arms with an eccentric County Court Judge, Edward Whitty was himself a journalist of high repute, and higher promise. Like Angus Reach, he was, at one period, a Parliamentary reporter. He was endowed with very high gifts; he was a most brilliant and accomplished man; he worked indefatigably; but his life was a singularly unhappy one, and he died, quite young, in Australia.

But it is not altogether the remembrance of Whitty that has induced me to notice "Friends of Bohemia," a strange, wild, straggling, incoherent story, interspersed with passages of great dramatic power. I wish to draw the attention of the "sensational playwrights" to the book. The twenty-sixth chapter of the second volume contains, under the title of "A Mad Story," an episode which, to my mind, would make the fortune of a melodrama of the "thrilling" type. It is the story of the patients in a private madhouse who, during a ball given by the resident physician, turn upon him, kill him, demolish the keepers, set fire to the house, get tipsy, and disperse themselves over the country. There are lady lunatics as well as gentlemen ones; and between them they cook the most appalling kettle of literary fish that I have tasted for a long time past. I must not omit to say that the "cast" comprises an idiotic heroine, who is in love with a maniacal hero who fancies that he is Robert the Bruce, and who "lays proud Edward low" by braining the mad doctor with his—the doctor's—own gold-headed cane.

There has been a leading article in the *Times* this week on the Cornelius centenary; in the course of which article the writer incidentally alludes to another famous German painter, Overbeck, remarking, "Overbeck and his friends were, indeed, expelled the Academy of Vienna, just as the walls of Burlington House knew not the pictures of Rossetti until death had removed him from the sphere of rivalry and contention."

"Just as" is, it strikes me, an expression not quite "just to" the Forty of Burlington House. The Royal Academy can in no way be blamed for the non-appearance on their walls during his lifetime of any works of the late Gabriel Dante Rossetti, concerning whom, by-the-way, there has been published during the last few months enough sickening nonsense to fill a whole train of coal-trucks on the Great Northern Railway. Rossetti simply and flatly abstained from exhibiting at the Royal Academy. On the other hand, many of the most singular productions of the *Præ-Raffaellite* School have been hung on the walls of Burlington House. The "Carpenter's Shop," the "Sir Isumbras," the "Autumn Leaves" of Mr. Millais were hung there. So, among others, was the "Awakened Conscience" of Mr. Holman Hunt, perhaps the most daringly (and most beautiful) un-academical picture ever exhibited in the halls of the Forty. It is a common accusation against the Academy to say that they are apt to ignore rising genius. In many notable instances it has been rising genius that has ignored them.

In reply to sundry courteous correspondents:—"A. C. L." (Darmstadt), who wishes to know who was the composer of "God Save the King" (Queen); "E. B. P." (Guernsey), who is anxious to ascertain the derivation of the name Olga, whether it is originally Russian, Danish, or Norwegian, and whether it has any special meaning; "Ignoramus," who would like me to throw some light on the origin of "going over to" or "joining the majority"—in the sense of dying; "M. D. T.," who is troubled in his mind to know why the Marines should be more credulous than other people, and why the Italians should call a failure a fiasco; and "W. P. G." (Simla), who inquires whether "it is certain that Marshal Grouchy was a traitor to Napoleon at Waterloo, I beg to state (1) that the authorship of the music of the National Anthem has been ascribed to a great many musicians, from Dr. John Bull, in the reign of James I., downwards; (2) that the derivation of Olga is for the present unknown to me, but that I will endeavour to find it out when I return to London;

(3) that I have no knowledge of where the expression "joining the majority" first appeared; (4) that, although many suggestions have been made as to the origin of the colloquialism "tell that to the Marines," no thoroughly satisfactory explanation of the expression has yet been given; (5) that "fiasco" in the sense of failure is supposed to be a satirical allusion to the bursting of a bottle, but that I am not by any means certain whether the explanation be the correct one; and (6) that it is not by any means an established fact that Grouchy betrayed Napoleon at Waterloo.

But my Simla correspondent puts another question—"Did Napoleon leave ten thousand francs in his will to Catillon, who had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington?" Yes, the Exile of Longwood did bequeath ten thousand francs to "the sub-officer Cantillon" (not Catillon), who had been tried and acquitted in Paris. Napoleon, in a spiteful rider to his bequest, asserted that, assuming even that the crime laid to Cantillon's charge been proved, he would have been as much justified in killing "ce Lord" as the Duke thought himself to be in sending him (Napoleon) to perish on a rock. The legacy was not paid until the establishment of the Second Empire, when "the sub-officer, Cantillon," was found keeping (I believe) a chandler's shop at Brussels. The legacy was altogether a very disgraceful one; but much may, perhaps, be pardoned to a man transported for life, and suffering from cancer in the stomach. The Bloody Assize might not have been quite so sanguinary had not Jeffries at the time been writhing in the torments of an agonising disease. Not long before he set out on his terrible circuit he had delivered before the Grand Jury at Bristol a most moving and pathetic charge against the kidnapping of white children to be sold into West Indian slavery.

"The Great Ulysses is not dead." George Francis Train yet flourishes. The exuberant New Englander once known as "The Coming Dictator," who first attempted to introduce tramways into our streets and (his watch going a little too fast), got indicted for a nuisance and fined five hundred pounds for his pains, has addressed a poetic effusion on a post-card to Alderman Hadley "Coming Lord Mayor of London," on the worthy Alderman's departure from New York for Liverpool per Cunard s.s. Gallia. George Francis dwells cheerfully on the past.

Five thousand notes I have from "stars"
Who came to see my tramway cars;
Tell England I no malice bear
(Before their time) for planting there
Street railways. At five million cost
I saved my life, and fortune lost,
Back'd by enterprise and the press,
Your cable will prove great success,
Franklin and Morse set world on fire
With million miles electric wire.

George Francis was always "a whale at millions." In the course of his adventurous career he once came very near making some millions of substantial dollars at Omaha, a city of which he may be regarded as one of the founders.

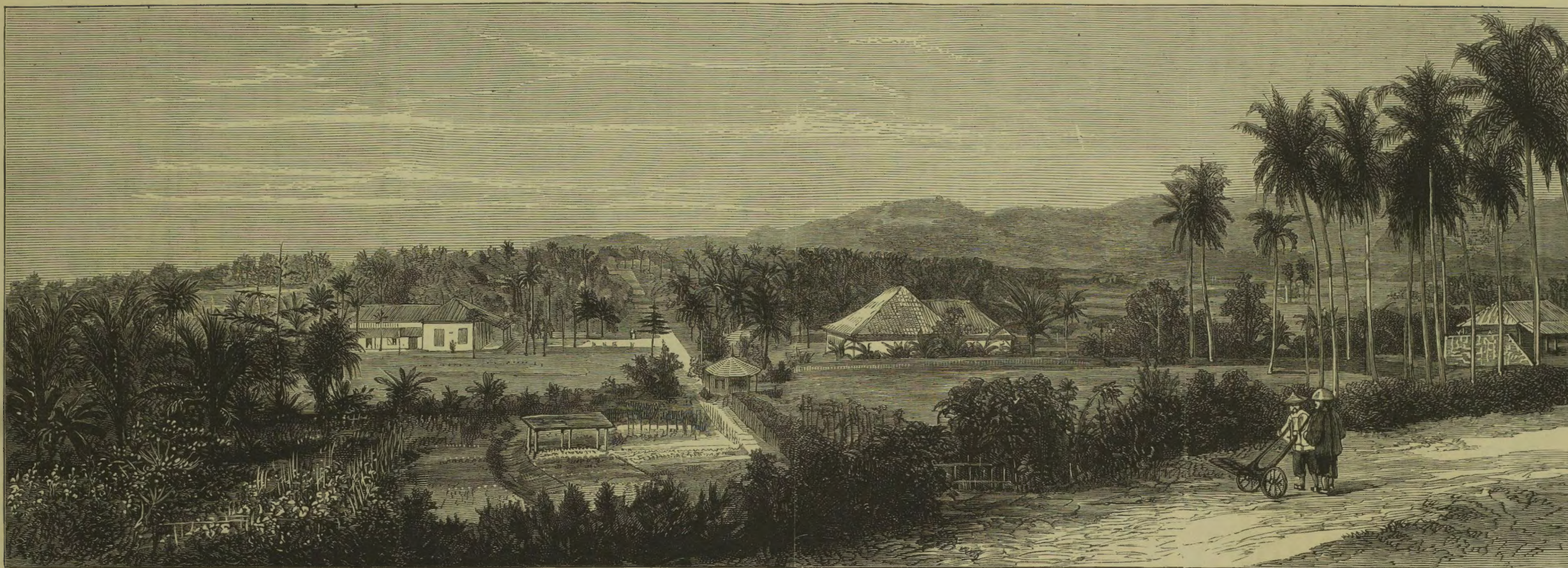
In Mr. W. J. Loftie's "History of London," a work in which extensive erudition and sound judgment are found in combination with a most attractive and entertaining style, in the chapter devoted to "the Western Suburbs" I find (vol. ii., p. 240-1) a notice of a disused burial-ground at Paddington, in the chapel of which there is a tablet to the memory of General Sir Thomas Picton, killed at the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Loftie states that the remains of this valiant chieftain, having lain in state at his house in Edwardes-street, were buried in the little vault under the chapel. "After the death and funeral of the Duke of Wellington the body was removed to St. Paul's Cathedral."

"The stern Picton," who, as Governor of Trinidad, had lain for some time under a cloud, in consequence of having unwittingly signed an order for the torture, by means of the "picket," of a Creole girl called Luisa Calderon, who was accused of theft, was one of the most glorious of the famous captains who fell at the "King-making victory." Obviously, it could never have been intended that Picton's ashes should find a permanent resting-place in the little vault under the chapel at Paddington. I wonder whether the last and most lucid of London historians is acquainted with the tradition that Picton's coffin was only temporarily deposited in the chapel-vault until arrangements could be made for its suitable interment in the Abbey or in St. Paul's; but that the persons whose business it was to remember their duty, in the hurry and bustle of the time, forgot all about the dead hero; so that the coffin remained on the shelf at Paddington for more than forty years.

Mem.: It must have been subsequent to the year 1857 that, walking down Fleet-street about the hour of noon, I met a not very lengthy procession—half military, half funeral—progressing eastward at a pace more resembling a trot than the solemn stride of mortuary pageantry. In the centre of the procession came a gun-carriage, on which was a coffin covered with flags. Somebody in authority had suddenly remembered—full five years after Duke Arthur's sumptuous entombment—that neglected coffin on the shelf, at Paddington; and they were taking "the stern Picton" to be buried in St. Paul's.

I went a day or so since into the shop of a very well-known cigar-merchant in Castle-square, Brighton, and there I found an obliging person manipulating snuff on an old sheet of parchment. This, he informed me, was the lease of a house long since demolished. The colouring matter in the tobacco had caused the parchment to turn a very dark brown—almost black, indeed; but the writing beneath could still be read. For the moment there came over me a wild desire to make a bid for that old sheep-skin lease, to scrape it carefully, and discover the Moabitish characters which possibly lay *perdu* beneath, and then to take triumphantly what might be the palimpsest of the Book of Jasher up to Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, and offer the treasure for a million of money to the Trustees of the British Museum. But I desisted. I will wait. In another decade or so, the parchment lease will become so discoloured that it may pass current for the original Magna Charta, or a hitherto undiscovered will made by Shakespeare, in which he revokes his equivocal bequest to his wife, and leaves her, not the second best, but the very best bed, counterpane, bolster, pillows, and all at New-place. G. A. S.

THE STRAITS OF SUNDA, JAVA, THE SCENE OF THE LATE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.



TELOK BETONG, SUMATRA, ONE OF THE PLACES DESTROYED.



DWELLINGS OF EUROPEANS EMPLOYED AT THE STONE QUARRIES OF MERAK.



VIEW IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT RESIDENT, TELOK BETONG.



ANJER, ON THE COAST OF JAVA, DESTROYED BY THE ERUPTION.

THE STRAITS OF SUNDA: TERRIBLE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

The homeward-bound voyager about to pass through the Straits of Sunda, the scene of the late terrific volcanic disturbance, at the western extremity of the island of Java, is sometimes fortunate enough to experience a strange yet beautiful optical delusion, probably akin to the mirage of the desert. It presents a magnificent display of natural architecture, commencing at one particular point—always at the same place—off the coast of Sumatra. Huge granite pillars tower to the sky at nearly regular intervals, beginning at the outlet of one of the valleys, and extending five miles out to sea. So solid and massive is the aspect of the apparent structure that the eye refuses to accept its unreality; binoculars are involuntarily seized, questions are poured into the ear of the captain, or, if no ship's officer be near, such guide books or sailing directions as may be within reach are consulted for a solution of the splendid sight. Almost before the pages can be turned the gigantic columns begin to waver and vibrate in the intensely heated air: now they come nearer, and the sun glances upon their crystalline sides, anon they retreat and fade, until the whole fabric is transformed into, or lost in, a luxuriant expanse partly covered with enormous trees. It is probably while the feeling of disappointment is ranking in his mind, and the traveller averts his gaze from Sumatra as altogether a delusion and a snare, that he obtains

his first glimpse of the opposite shore to the left hand, and sees the romantic island of Java appearing simultaneously from the waves and from the clouds. As he looks at the vast panorama of jagged peaks—some of them, perhaps, emitting a thin, scarcely visible thread of vapour, his train of thought may wander to the thrilling fireside tale of how the Dutch criminals used to rush in despair, inclosed in leathern hoods, across the "Poison Valley," to gather the deadly drippings from the terrible Upas Tree; but his wildest imaginings would scarcely reach the dreadful reality of destruction and death those shores presented only the other day. One of our Sketches depicts part of the channel between the two great islands, showing the position of Batavia; the little town of Anjer and its lighthouse, now all in ruins; some of the features of the coast-line, and divers at work. This sketch was drawn a few years ago by Mr. William Cochran, of the proposed "New Zealand Chasericultural Company," on his way home from China.

The Straits of Sunda, separating the islands of Java and Sumatra, form one of the main gateways used by the vast trade that navigate the China Sea. All vessels bound thither from the Western Hemisphere pass either to the north or south of Sumatra, entering the Eastern Archipelago through the Straits of Singapore or else by the Straits of Sunda. Steam-vessels bound through the Suez Canal and Indian Ocean use the former route, and those rounding the Cape of Good Hope the latter. The strait is about seventy miles long, sixty miles

broad at the south-west end, narrowing to thirteen miles at the north-east end. Half-way through the strait, equidistant from the two shores, was a group of three islands, the largest of which was Krakatoa, four and a half miles long and three miles broad, its volcanic summit reaching to a height of 2623 ft. above the sea level, about ten times higher than the surrounding sea was deep. Between it and Java, although the floor of the strait was uneven, the channel was clear of dangers: on the Sumatra side were several islands and rocks, the two largest of which, Bezee and Sebooko, rose respectively 2825 ft. and 1416 ft. above the sea. The tremendous volcanic eruption, with the accompanying earthquake and inundation of the coasts, on Sunday, the 26th ult., has wrought a fearful change. As far as our present information goes, it appears that this chain of islets on the Sumatra side of the straits has been added to by at least sixteen volcanic craters rising within the eight miles of water that formerly separated them from Krakatoa. With so enormous an upheaval, it would not be unnatural to expect the surrounding floor to be depressed, but when we learn that the whole island of Krakatoa, containing about 8000 million cubic yards of material, has fallen in and disappeared below the sea, the magnitude of the convulsion becomes more apparent, and it is the easier to realise the formation of the destructive volcanic wave that was thrown on the neighbouring shores. We can only deplore the immense loss of life and property.

The volcanic mountain island of Krakatoa, with parts of



THE FRENCH TRANSATLANTIC STEAM-SHIP SAINT GERMAIN, IN DEVONPORT DOCKYARD, AFTER THE COLLISION AT SEA.

Verlaten Island and Lang Island behind it, is shown in a sketch by Staff-Captain J. R. N. Moss, R.N. It is almost inconceivable that this island, with a mountain summit which rose nearly 2700 ft. above the level of the sea should have been entirely submerged; but it seems to have been in the very centre of the area of this vast earthquake, which convulsed the whole basin of the sea between Lampong Bay, on the south coast of Sumatra, and the opposite shores of Java, extending across a diameter of more than sixty geographical miles. The disturbance of the sea and consequent flooding of the shores, both those of Sumatra to the north, and those of Java to the east of the volcanic outbreak, had the most destructive effects upon the Dutch settlements at Telok Betong, at the head of the bay in Sumatra, and likewise in Java, at the well-known commercial port of Anjer, where all homeward bound ships of every nation were accustomed to call in passing the Straits, to obtain needful supplies for the voyage across the Indian Ocean. Java sparrows were usually purchased at Anjer, for presents to friends at home; but they would often die on the first cold night. The position of all the places mentioned will be seen by reference to our Map, as well as that of the nearest Dutch towns in Western Java, Serang and Bantam, Merak, where many Europeans were employed in the stone-quarries, and Batavia, the capital of Java, distant by road from Anjer about eighty miles, a journey which took five days by the four-horse carriages on that road. It may be remembered that, some time ago, we gave an illustration of native workpeople at Anjer weaving the pieces of cloth which are called in trade "serangs," probably from the town of that name, and which make an important article of dress for the inhabitants of Java and Sumatra. The distress

that will be occasioned throughout the province of Bantam by the total ruin of this lately flourishing port of Anjer, in addition to the immediate loss of many thousand lives, in that town and other places, presents a lamentable amount of human suffering from this terrible visitation of resistless forces in nature.

Another correspondent, Mr. A. Woodbury, of Levenshulme, Manchester, who was thirteen years chief of the photographic establishment of Messrs. Woodbury and Page, at Batavia, has furnished us with a series of excellent photographs, taken by himself, of Anjer, Merak (the dwellings of European workmen there), and Telok Betong, which was the chief town of the Lampong district, and the residence of the Dutch official administrator in that part of Sumatra. We are indebted also to Mr. W. B. Goddard, of Coddensham, Needham Market, for his Sketch of a View in the Straits of Sunda which he saw from on board a vessel near Anjer some years ago; and several other Sketches have been offered this week, for which we are much obliged to our travelled correspondents, but which we have not space to engrave. It will be some weeks yet before we can expect to receive any materials for authentic illustrations of the actual scenes and incidents of this great disaster in so remote a part of the world.

Our last week's paper contained a brief statement, to which the later news brings many additional particulars, though we cannot implicitly rely upon their truth. A long communication, by telegraph last Sunday, from the New York correspondent of a London daily paper, does not prove its authenticity by citing the date and course of the information supposed to have then reached New York from Batavia, via

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

The publication on Thursday last of the Mexican railway traffic, showing a decrease of £7200, was the signal for a renewed and fierce "bear" raid on the stock, the price of which in consequence fell several per cent without a break. When I last wrote I drew attention to the altered relations of American capitalists engaged in railway enterprises in Mexico to that country, and the falling away in the traffic of the Mexican Railway Company is the most prominent symptom of the change. It would seem that in consequence of the crisis through which financial affairs in the United States are passing money is no longer forthcoming to complete the railway system projected during the last few years in Mexico, and work has apparently come to a standstill. Hence the Mexican Railway Company has ceased, at all events for the time being, to profit by the vast masses of material it has been accustomed to carry for the construction of the new lines, and the traffic receipts are now showing a corresponding curtailment. This, however, is a result that was sure to come, sooner or later, as was very properly pointed out in the directors' last report. I doubt, however, if it should form the occasion for serious regret, inasmuch as the cessation of this particular class of business necessarily implies the indefinite postponement of the completion of certain lines whose final construction would doubtless have proved the immediate forerunner of the taking in hand of certain lines for which concessions have already been secured and which would directly compete with the Mexican Railway. Thus in things evil there is an element of good.

But, looking at the earning power of the line independently of the carriage of railway materials for other companies, I fail to see the reason for the serious depreciation the stocks have undergone. Excluding altogether the special class of traffic referred to, the earnings of the company last year would have been sufficient to meet all prior charges and to pay a 6 per cent dividend on the ordinary stock. For the eight weeks of the current half-year the company has earned a weekly average of £20,800. Assuming that average by the end of the half-year to be lowered to only £18,000, this, in point of gross earnings, would put the company in the same position as in the second half of 1881, when a dividend at the rate of 6½ per cent was earned. Allowance has also to be made for the recent abolition of the export duty on silver, which now relieves the company of a tax equal to about 2 per cent of dividend; so that the prospects of the current half-year are that a dividend at the rate of at least 8 per cent per annum will be earned. I do not think that such an outlook as this is one calculated to encourage bona-fide holders to part with their stock at present prices. The speculative account for the fall is enormous; and if the real holders will be patient and hold aloof from the market, whether as sellers or lenders of stock, the over-sold speculator will in all probability receive severe and deserved punishment.

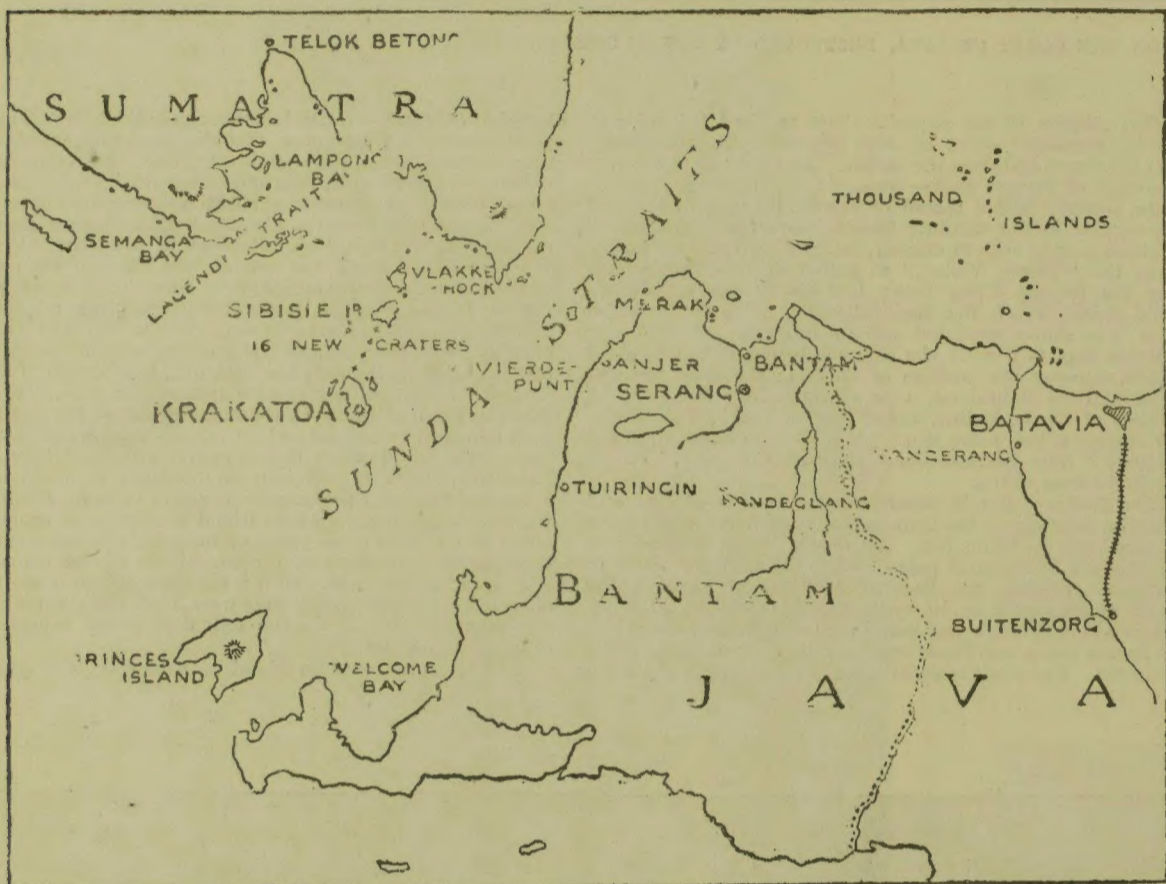
Mexican Three per Cent Bonds have naturally been to some extent adversely affected by the breakdown in the railway stock, but it is likely that the principal cause rests with the arrival of the Commissioners with powers to carry out the late debt arrangement. The arrival of the latter was heralded by a rumour that the resumption of interest payments is not to begin until the end of next year. And whether it will begin even then must depend upon the success the Government may have in negotiating the loan for £4,000,000, which attempts are now being made to raise both in Europe and the United States. That amount, which will represent a liability altogether apart from the converted debt, is the actual sum required, and will involve the creation, doubtless, of at least £16,000,000 of additional nominal indebtedness that may take the form of a floating debt. Under the arrangement come to with the bondholders, the external debt was raised to a round £20,000,000, the difference between that amount and the fifteen million odd represented by the actual outstanding debt as converted, being a sort of present to the Mexican Government, for which they were to be allowed to issue fresh bonds for their own purposes. Whether the Government will use this privilege in addition to raising the £4,000,000 above referred to remains to be seen. They certainly want all the money they can lay hands on to meet the heavy railway subventions they have committed themselves to, and to liquidate their Budget deficits.

When the Chilean Sinking Fund was suspended in 1879 it was arranged that its operation should revive in 1884. On Saturday last the Chilean Consul in London sent out extracts from the President's Message to Congress foreshadowing such resumption, 1,567,689 dollars being set aside in the Estimates for 1884 for the purpose. A suggestion is also made for the conversion of the debt in order to combine several of the loans with a view to diminishing the charge for interest and amortisation. The aim apparently is to make an extensive reduction in the external debt simultaneously with a corresponding addition to the internal debt, with a view to curtailing the foreign payments, which are rendered very costly by the state of the exchange. The proposal is certainly a wise one in the interest of the country, and is another proof of the energy, uprightness, and foresight that so eminently distinguish the conduct of Chilean affairs.

Native Guano shares have once more begun to come into prominence. I am not aware of any special reason that can be assigned to justify the late rise any more than there was to warrant the preceding fall. Every now and then the price is put up to about 6, and then gradually lowered to about 3. This process has been in operation for many years past, and I believe some people have made a very handsome annuity out of it. In the meantime the company, which is a very worthy undertaking, seems as far off as ever from earning a dividend, and in waiting for public recognition of its admirable method of dealing with town sewage, its patents have actually, or virtually, expired, and its unused capital is fast coming to an end. The company deserved better fortune. Personal merit and powerful friends have, however, proved alike impotent to tame and win over Corporate prejudice, and while Local Boards, Rivers Conservancy Boards, and Sanitary Commissioners are satisfied with the present state of our watercourses, it will be well for investors to fight shy of laying down their money in a Quixotic attempt to bring about a better condition of things.

T. S.

The annual show and dinner of the Warwickshire Agricultural Society took place, on Tuesday, on the race grounds at Coventry. The Earl of Warwick took a first prize for cattle; and in the sheep classes two of the principal prizes were gained by the Earl of Warwick and Captain Townshend, of Nuneaton. There was a splendid show of horses, some of the leading prizes being carried off by Sir F. Winnington, Stanford, Worcester, the executors of Sir G. Philips, Shipton-on-Strour, and the Earl of Warwick. The dinner took place in a spacious marquee, there being about 500 guests. Lord Leigh presided. Among the speakers were the Earl of Denbigh, Lord Norton, and Mr. Newdegate, M.P.



MAP OF THE STRAITS OF SUNDIA.

San Francisco; and some of its details seem to be contradicted by the telegraphed despatch from Batavia to the Dutch journal *Handelsblad*, published at the Hague on Sunday last. The American correspondent, while depicting in a very graphic style the simultaneous eruptions of a dozen volcanoes in Java, which he names Maha Mern, Gunung Guntur, Kandang, Papandayang, and so on, declaring that "more than a third of the forty-five craters in Java were either in active eruption, or seriously threatening it," relates also the destruction of a large part of the city of Batavia, inhabited by Chinese; and says that, of twenty thousand Chinese dwelling on the swampy plains, not more than five thousand could save their lives. On the other hand, the Dutch newspaper correspondent at Batavia, while estimating the whole number of dead in Java at thirteen thousand, expressly states that "in Batavia no great damage has been done." We are told that "the north coast of Java has suffered much, and in Pandeglang," which is about sixty miles west of Batavia, "and in the Middle Residency of Bantam, several villages have been destroyed." It is difficult, after careful examination of a correct map of the whole island of Java, which now lies before us, to resist the conviction that the whole of that circumstantial narrative, which appeared in the London paper on Monday last, proceeded from the New York correspondent's poetical imagination. The several volcanoes named by him are situated in remote parts of the island of Java, many days' journey from Batavia, and it would be impossible for all the minute particulars of so many local incidents to have been collected by one correspondent, in the absence of railways and telegraphs, within less than a week. There is no confirmation, hitherto, of the same writer's statements concerning alleged disasters at the important seaport towns of Cheribon, Samarang, and Sourabaya, or at the inland native capital, Sourakarta, and Djokjakarta, which is near the famous ruins of the ancient Buddhist temples. It is probable that these statements are as unfounded as those of the destruction of the Chinese suburb of Batavia; and that the havoc caused in Java by the submarine eruption in the Straits of Sunda consisted simply of earthquake and inundation upon the north-west coast of the island; the towns of Anjer and Tjiringin, which latter place is thirty miles south of Anjer, being wholly or partially destroyed, as well as Merak, with its stone-quarry industry and railway works, to the north of Anjer. The latest Government despatch received at Amsterdam last Tuesday states that no intelligence had arrived at Batavia from the Dutch Resident in the South Sumatra province of Lampong, and it is concluded that Telok Betong has been entirely destroyed. An expedition has left Batavia for Lampong to ascertain the effects of the disaster in that district. The lighthouse at the "First Point," Java, and the "Vlakke Hock" lighthouse are still in existence, but the light in the

latter is no longer burning. Nothing more is said of the sinking of the isle of Krakatoa. The extension of the plain of lava and pumice-stone covers the sea in the Bay of Lampong, and hinders the approach to Telok Betong, and other parts of Sumatra, from West Java. The Dutch Comptroller at Katimbong, which forms the extreme south-eastern point of Lampong, has been saved, with all the members of his family. The fact is important as indicating that the destruction in that quarter had not been so overwhelming as had hitherto been apprehended; at any rate, it is not absolute. Active measures for securing the safe navigation of the Straits of Sunda are being actively carried out by the Dutch colonial authorities. The Government has sent ships to warn vessels approaching the Straits of Sunda. An influential committee has been formed at Amsterdam for the purpose of collecting subscriptions to relieve the distress in Java, and the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street, and the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, London, and China, 65, Old Broad-street, are prepared to receive and transmit by telegram all moneys which may be intrusted to their care.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, on Thursday, the silver medal of the institution and a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum were granted to Mr. George Strowyer, in acknowledgment of his long and gallant services as coxswain of the Kessingland life-boat. Rewards amounting to £255 were voted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, in which period they had been instrumental in saving sixty-eight lives from shipwrecks. Payments amounting to £2005 were made in connection with the 273 life-boat establishments of the institution. Amongst the contributions lately received were £306 10s., collected in Wolverhampton towards the cost of the Swansea new life-boat, which, like the former boat, is named the Wolverhampton. Also £15 10s. 3d. from the Atalanta Life-Boat Fund, per Lieutenant Walter Vernon Anson, R.N. It was decided to place new life-boats at Exmouth, Devon; Holy Island, Northumberland; and Kessingland, Suffolk. Reports were read from the chief inspector and the district inspectors of life-boats, on their recent visits to life-boat stations.

Mr. James McGregor, of Messrs. McGregor, Gow, and Co., East Indian-avenue, entertained the 153 Scottish orphan children, with the officers and servants of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, last week, at his residence, Aldenham Abbey, Watford. Favoured by good weather, a day of thorough enjoyment was spent among the green fields.

MUSIC.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

We gave last week full details of the arrangements for the one hundred-and-sixtieth meeting of the three choirs of this city, of Hereford, and of Worcester; and have now to refer partially to the performances, which closed on the 7th inst.

The inaugural full choral service on Tuesday morning included the co-operation of the three cathedral choirs, and a sermon, special to the occasion, preached by the Dean of Llandaff.

The opening musical performance followed the cathedral service, at a short interval, and consisted of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the work usually selected for such occasions, as "The Messiah" is mostly chosen for the closing day's performance. Tuesday's rendering of Mendelssohn's sacred masterpiece was, generally, an efficient one, the principal solo vocalists having been Misses M. Davies, A. Williams, and H. Wilson, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Mr. C. L. Williams, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, conducted, and Mr. L. Colborne, of Hereford Cathedral, presided at the organ.

Tuesday evening's miscellaneous concert in the Shirehall included the performance of a new choral work by Dr. C. H. Parry, "The Glories of Our Birth and State," the words being taken from the old poem "Death's Final Conquest," by James Shirley. Dr. Parry's work is of a very sombre cast, this characteristic being occasionally relieved by some skilfully varied effects in the orchestral accompaniments. It was conducted by himself, and was well received. The programme also comprised effective orchestral performances, instrumental and vocal solos, and choral pieces, of which we must speak hereafter.

Of the production of the two sacred works composed for the Festival—Dr. Stainer's "St. Mary Magdalen," and Dr. Arnold's "Sennacherib"—and of other features, we must also speak next week.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts are still pursuing a successful career. Madame Patey has recently appeared, and sung with great success; the effective pianoforte performances of Madame Frickenhaus, and Mr. Carrodus's skilful violin playing, having also been among the various special features of recent concerts.

The afternoon performances of operas at the Crystal Palace have proved very attractive. Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" has recently been given, with Madame Rose Hersee as the Countess, and Madame Cave Ashton as Susanna. "Lucia di Lammermoor" was also announced last week, with Madame Hersee as the heroine.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

At the Lyceum, under the management of Mr. Abbey, on Saturday, Sept. 1, Miss Mary Anderson, a very young, beautiful, and winning American actress, made her first appearance on the English stage as Parthenia in the highly moral but extremely wearisome, artless, and nonsensical play of "Ingomar," which appears to have been clumsily "snatched" from the German more than thirty years ago, by a Mrs. Lovell, and as clumsily turned into English. Miss Mary Anderson is so pretty, so clever, and so intelligent, and the success which she achieved was so immediate and so cordial that it must be a matter for great regret that she should have chosen so dreary and, in many respects, so imbecile a drama as "Ingomar" for the earliest display of her capacity before a London audience. For a great many reasons, I can understand why this stilted and, on the whole, preposterous performance should be far from unpopular in the United States. America may be, politically, a Republic; but, socially and sentimentally, it is the Women's Kingdom. From Cape Cod to the Golden Gates the American Woman is Queen; and the concrete idea which underlies the whole story of "Ingomar" is that of the Subjection of Man to the weaker sex. The relations of the Massilian maiden Parthenia to her barbaric swain are quite as much modern American relations as antique Greek, or Phœcean or Gallic ones; in fact, this dull Anglo-German play might be very well re-written as a novel by the author of "Democracy;" the hero being made a rough-hewn "nature's nobleman" from Texas or New Mexico, completely subjugated, wound round the finger, and converted into a Delmonico "dude" by the *minauderies* of a Saratoga belle in her first season, or a Vassar College girl, who in the pursuit of conic sections has not yet forgotten the art of coquetry.

The German dramatist appears to have been under the impression that about a.c. 500 the mountains in the vicinity of the Phœcean-Hellenic city of Massilia or Marseilles were infested by a savage and predatory tribe called the Alemanni, who, pretty much as the Greco-Turkish brigands do at present, were in the habit of waylaying travellers and holding them to ransom. Thus they kidnap a very weak-kneed and lachrymose person called Myron, a citizen of Massilia, and an armourer by trade. This captured armourer so persistently blubbers for his daughter Parthenia and his wife Actea, left unprotected in Massilia, that he becomes extremely annoying to the Chief of the Barbarians, Ingomar, who, actuated half by exasperation at the persistent snivelling of the prisoner and half by sympathy for his woes, allows him to return to Massilia (a most unbusiness-like proceeding in a brigand) to procure his ransom for himself. His daughter Parthenia, of her own free will, remains as a hostage among the Alemanni, and from the condition of a hostage she drifts into that of a slave to the barbarians; but such is her beauty, and such her persuasive wiles, that she inspires Ingomar with passionate love for her (keeping him at a measurable distance, however, and roundly rating him when his rude arm seeks to assert an unlicensed right of way round her waist), and in the end she completely beguiles and enthralls him even as Hercules did Omphale, as Samson did Dalilah, and as Beauty did the Beast. She makes him cut his hair, trim his beard and nails, wear an all-round collar, forswear the Alemannic substitute for Old Rye, and join a church; and he follows her to Massilia to become a Greek, with the alacrity of a squirrel and the docility of a poodle. This is the plot of "Ingomar." There is the vaguest apology for an underplot in the wooing of Parthenia by a wealthy and cantankerous hunk, named Polydor. Parthenia derisively declines his advances; whereupon Old Man Polydor plots revenge, and is, of course, in the fifth act, happily foiled in his fell purpose and exemplarily "run out."

In this cumbrous play, among a mob of puppets, there are two really fine characters, Parthenia and Ingomar. As the heroine Miss Mary Anderson looked simply lovely, and wore her slight but entirely decorous Grecian raiment with infinite grace. The picture of Attic symmetry and comeliness which she presented was, perhaps, a little more suggestive of some belle of the Directory—of a compeer of Madame Récamier or Madame Tallien, than of the grandiose models of antique classical beauty; and although comparisons are proverbially odious, I scarcely think Miss Mary Anderson would be very much offended were she to be told that she bears a charmingly close resemblance to the youthful portraits of that Mademoiselle

Tascher de la Pagerie, who afterwards became Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, and ultimately—and to her sorrow—the Empress Josephine.

The fascinating Miss Mary Anderson has acquired a thorough knowledge of the technique of her art. Indeed, at times, she is a little too thorough—even to a trifling degree of "staginess." In her flirtations with Ingomar she was simply delightful, but a thought too artificial. The ostensibly unsophisticated manner in which she wheedled the barbarian into obedience to her whims seemed to a close observer quite as calculated as are the fan-play and "eye fence" of a Spanish beauty at a bull-fight. Her declamation is vehement, impetuous, sustained, and effective, just halting, as it does, on this side of tearing a passion to tatters. Her appearance on Saturday was not a fair criterion of her powers as an elocutionist; as she was evidently unaware of the "pitch" or acoustic properties of the house, and at times she was almost entirely inaudible. Her chief deficiencies are, to my thinking, first, a lack of the expression of gradual transition from one mood to another, which defect makes her utterances spasmodic and jerky; and next, the almost entire absence of spontaneous pathos and sympathy in her acting. It is a very long time ere the spectator can be brought to believe that Parthenia is really in love with Ingomar; whereas, from the very first scene in which he encounters the Massilian maiden, it is easy enough to see that the barbarian (excellently well played by Mr. Barnes) is over head and ears in love with Parthenia. Miss Anderson must, nevertheless, be considered as an actress of very high capacity; and when she can be seen in a more rational play than "Ingomar" it is not improbable that the undeniably favourable impression which she has created will be materially strengthened. I see in her an actress of the very highest capacity; but as yet I fail to discern genius in her acting.

Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company proper have, in the meantime, been delighting large and enthusiastic audiences at the Glasgow Royalty Theatre in the unsurpassably grand and beautiful Shakspearean revivals, which have won a brilliant chapter for the Lyceum in the history of the stage. It was with the resplendent Lyceum production of "Much Ado About Nothing," in which this Princely Actor-Manager's Benedick is exquisitely mated by Miss Ellen Terry's Beatrice, that the fortnight's engagement at Glasgow was successfully commenced; and Mr. Irving will on Monday next transport the magnificent scenery, rich costumes, and costly properties of the same comedy to Edinburgh, in order to open with befitting grandeur the handsome New Lyceum Theatre, built by Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, and replete with every comfort, including the electric light. The new theatrical enterprise in Edinburgh could not be started under brighter or more encouraging auspices.

Theatrical London is rousing itself in other directions. Mr. John Hollingshead on Monday night restored to the Gaiety its chief staple of attraction in the shape of Mr. F. C. Burnand's bright and merry "burlesque-drama" of "Blue Beard;" and, albeit so great an outcry has been raised against the forthcoming Gaiety extravaganza of "The Tempest," no pedant has ventured to lift his voice in condemnation of the liberties taken by Miss Nelly Farren as Baron Abomeleque de Barbe Bleue, Miss Constance Gilchrist (in place of Miss Kate Vaughan) as Lili, Mr. H. Monkhouse, Mr. Henley, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Bella Howard, and the handsome "Mashers" with the original plot of the favourite nursery story. A little further west, at Mr. Toole's bandbox of a playhouse in King William-street, Strand, Mr. T. W. Robertson retains his father's witty comedy of "M.P." in the bill, but has produced the promised new farce in lieu of the charming little piece named "Our Bitterest Foe." The material for the farce in question was found among the papers of the author of "Caste," and developed by young Mr. Robertson into "A Row in the House." It might have been entitled "A Cure for Jealousy," inasmuch as the exceedingly slight, if bustling, piece of extravagance suggests that the best of all remedies for this disagreeable disease is to lock each jealous couple in a room by themselves, as an eccentric old relative does with Mr. and Mrs. Scorpion, and Mr. Scorpion's groom and his wife, and with Miss Scorpion and her admirer. Miss Maud Robertson and Miss Florence Rayburn act with spirit in this trifle, as do the impersonators of their suspicious swains.

Two changes in outlying theatres also deserve notice. At the new Grand, at Islington, the opening drama of "The Bright Future" has been displaced by a fresh dramatic edition of the "Jo" and Lady Dedlock episode in Charles Dickens's novel of "Bleak House." As "Jo, the outcast," that pretty and intelligent young actress, Miss Lydia Cowell, gives us a natural representation of a typical London waif, though she could not hope to eclipse Miss Jennie Lee as the creator of this effective part on the stage. It was probably the presence in the company of the Grand Theatre of Miss Dolores Drummond, the forcible Hortense in the former play of "Jo," that led to this new dramatisation of "Bleak House." Be that as it may, the chief strength of "Jo, the Outcast," lies in Miss Drummond's assumption of her old part, and in Miss Cowell's clever rendering of the title-role.

The spacious, but badly-ventilated, Standard offers a magnificently mounted new drama, by Mr. James Willing, jun., and Mr. Frank Stainforth, for the delectation of the East-End. The bold and impressive scenes are exceptionally artistic, and add to the lustre of Mr. Richard Douglass's reputation. The opening set scene of a village smithy, apparently inspired by Longfellow's poem, is signally effective. But the bright and lively picture of Rotten Row in the height of the London season is the gem of "Glad Tidings." The colour and animation of this gay scene of fashionable life are faithfully reflected. Glossy park hacks pass and repass along the turf ride. Equestrians and equestriennes, as a rule, ride fairly well. But ever and anon Mr. Shoddy's peculiar action raises a laugh; and a peal of laughter breaks from the audience when a shaggy costermonger endeavours to drive his donkey-cart up the Row. If such anachronisms on the part of the leading dramatic personages as proclaiming their domestic troubles aloud in the crowded pathway be overlooked, this representation of Rotten Row may be pronounced full of fidelity. Possessing so superb a scene, the drama might well have been freed from so hideous a reminiscence as the collision of the Bywell Castle with the Princess Alice saloon-steamer. But it should be owned this sensation scene is made in "Glad Tidings" as little repulsive as possible; and one is reconciled to the sad episode that follows "On the Wharf" by the really powerful and touching outburst of Miss Amy Steinberg, who sustains with characteristic ability the rôle of the heroine, Isabel Morton, afterwards the wife of Arthur Pierce. It may be briefly stated that it is the marriage of Isabel and Arthur which, by arousing the jealousy of the fair-haired Margaret Musgrave, brings about all the troubles, that are happily terminated at last by "Glad Tidings." It would be unfair to reveal more of the story, which is enacted with spirit throughout, particular skill being exhibited (as already intimated) by Miss Steinberg, likewise by Mr. Arthur Dacre as Arthur Pierce, by Mr. Fred. Shepherd as the

inimitably cool and good-tempered scoundrel, Tom Stour, and by Mr. Odell in one of those quaint, eccentric caricatures in which he revels—a Blue Ribbon missionary in this instance. Every other part in "Glad Tidings" is similarly well cast by Mr. John Douglass. G. A. S.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Quite the best of the meetings that have taken place since York was that held at Derby last week; and the liberal addition of £1000 to the Peveril of the Peak Plate produced one of the largest and best handicap fields of the season. Lowland Chief (9 st. 7 lb.), Despair (9 st. 1 lb.), Vibration (8 st. 13 lb.), Scobell (8 st. 11 lb.), and Toastmaster (8 st. 7 lb.), were rare representatives of high-class form; and it says much for the confidence of his party that Lucerne (7 st. 10 lb.) was backed down to 3 to 1 in such a field. He won cleverly enough at the finish, though Cheveley (7 st. 6 lb.) ran far better than was generally expected. The Friary Plate fell an easy prey to Raffaello, a very well bred colt by Hermit—Faraway, who, however, was in receipt of 6 lb. and sex allowance from Perdita II. In the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, Reprieve was at last defeated by one of her own age. This was Spring Morn, whose previous form has been very high-class; but the fact that Knight Errant was only a neck behind Reprieve makes us a little doubtful if Lord Grosvenor's filly was quite up to the mark. Still, on the other hand, previous winners in Legacy, Borneo, Brest, and Quilt, were unplaced in the race, so it may be safest to accept the result as correct. On the following day, a slashing race between Kincardine and Cormeille for the Harrington Plate ended in favour of the former by a head. Another capital field of seventeen ran for the Harrington Plate, to which another £1000 was added. Lowland Chief (10 st.) once more cut up badly, as did Exile II. (8 st. 11 lb.), who seemed very well handicapped; and, indeed, nothing had the least chance with old Laceman (8 st. 13 lb.) when it came to finishing. The card on Saturday was scarcely so strong as on either of the other days; still, great interest was felt in the result of the Devonshire Nursery Plate, which was the first two-year-old handicap of the season. There were nineteen runners, and the style in which St. Simon (8 st. 12 lb.) carried home the top weight, coupled with his clever victory at Goodwood, makes him out to be very nearly at the top of the tree; and he should prove a rare bargain to the Duke of Portland, who gave only 1600 guineas for him at the recent sale of the late Prince Bathyrany's stud.

Sandown Park was as pleasant as ever on Tuesday, as no rain fell until just as the running was over. Fields ruled rather small for most of the events, the Sandown Nursery Stakes, for which eleven came to the post, being an exception. This fell to Bedouin (8 st. 12 lb.), the top-weight, and, from the hollow style in which he defeated Eira (8 st.), Quilt (8 st. 4 lb.), and the rest, he must be even better than is generally supposed. Laceman (7 st. 9 lb.) followed up his Derby successes in the Sandown Autumn Cup; and the twelve-year-old Organist carried off the All-Aged Stakes. General satisfaction was felt at the re-appearance in the saddle of George Fordham—who has been laid up since Goodwood—and his first mount proved a winning one. Two more nurseries were the chief attractions of Wednesday's card, the Juvenile Nursery Handicap falling to Sir Elidor (7 st. 7 lb.), by Hydromel, a young sire who used to belong to Lord Falmouth, from Bonita; he carried less weight than any of his eight opponents, but was not much fancied; and the Carington Nursery Stakes being won by Reckless (8 st. 6 lb.), by Wild Oats—Myrus.

It is hardly necessary to say that the St. Leger will be decided on Wednesday next. The field may just run into double figures, but we cannot really reckon on seeing more than the following at the post:—Highland Chief (Webb), The Prince (Cannon), Royal Angus (Archer), Elzevir (Wood), Ossian (Watts), Chislehurst (Osborne), Ladislas (Fordham), Hantaur, and Cornfield (Lemaire). Of course, should Grand-master and Blue Grass start, Archer and Cannon will be their respective riders, and Rossiter would have the mount on The Prince, whilst another jockey would have to be found for Royal Angus. After travelling badly in the market for some time past, Highland Chief has at length settled down pretty firmly at the head of the quotations. On his best form he ought to win, but, all things considered, we fancy that the race, despite the small number of starters, is a very open one.

Sir R. Glyn has resigned the mastership of the Blackmore Vale Hounds, in Dorset.

The partridge-shooting season began on Saturday, and, judging from the accounts from various parts of the country, the sport ought to prove unusually good, as birds are generally very numerous and strong on the wing. Some capital bags have been made in Norfolk, and reports from Hants, Berks, and Wilts, are also favourable. In Cambridgeshire, except in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, birds are decidedly scarce and wild, but there are very few complaints from any other counties, and ground game also seems very plentiful.

Surrey v. Derbyshire wound up the cricket season as far as London is concerned, and no matches of any importance will take place after the present week. The former won by six wickets, thanks mainly to the fine batting of Messrs. W. W. Read (76 and 54), Diver (69), and Key (56), aided by Henderson (41) and Abel (not out, 37). The Derbyshire men, with the exception of Foster (81), did little in their first innings; but, at their second attempt, Messrs. Maynard (84), and Evershed (92), and Cropper (51) played up manfully. Yorkshire is champion county, with Notts second, and Surrey third; and for the last-named Mr. W. W. Read, probably the best batsman in England at the present time, has made the extraordinary average of 51 runs.

A large number of whales have been in Galway Bay this week. Two have been captured, one weighing six tons.

A telegram from Quebec states that her Majesty's ship Canada, with Prince George of Wales on board, arrived in Quebec Harbour on Tuesday. He is now visiting Princess Louise.

The Royal Manchester, Liverpool, and North Lancashire Agricultural Show opened on Wednesday morning in Newsum Park, near Liverpool. Owing to the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease, no cattle, sheep, or pigs were shown, but there was a large display of horses, implements, cheese, butter, &c.

William Outen, fifty-two, was charged at the Thames Police Court on Monday with being drunk and disorderly in the public streets. It was stated that this would be about the 200th time that the prisoner had been charged at this and other courts for all sorts of offences.

The following police caution has been issued at Scotland-yard:—"Persons who have left their houses in London unoccupied, and have failed to give notice to the superintendent of police of the district, should do so at once. This will not throw any additional responsibility on the police, but such extra attention as is possible will be paid. Caretakers should also be enjoined not to leave the houses they are in charge of after dusk."



SPORT IN NORTH DEVON: TROUT-FISHING AND OTTER-HUNTING.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES—THE NETHERLANDS.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

UTRECHT, Sept. 3.

The ingenious Thomas Howell, in one of his "Epistolæ Holælianae" remarks of the Dutch that their towns are beautiful and neatly built, and with such uniformity that who sees one sees all. The same observer remarks that the Hollander is slow, surly, and respectless of gentry and strangers, homely in his clothing, of very few words, and heavy in action. The Hollanders and their towns remain pretty much to-day what they were three centuries ago, with the exception that there are railways all over the country, and tramways in all the towns, even in those like Leyden and Haarlem, which the guide-books perversely persist in describing as dead towns. Furthermore, Colman's starch, Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, Pears' soap, Singer's sewing machines, Stephens' ink, English stationery, English cutlery, English children's books, and Bass's bitter pursue the traveller all over the Low Countries. From Rotterdam, whence my last letter was dated, I went northwards through a country flat, green, and ditchy beyond conception, to the Hague, a most genteel and proper town, reminding one at the same time of Versailles, the Parc Monceau, and Belgravia. At the Hague you see few people in the streets; the majority of the inhabitants sit at the windows discreetly peeping out at the few passers, or contenting themselves with the contemplation of the passer's image reflected in the tell-tale spy mirrors. Amsterdam seemed to me a dirty, funereal place, and, as if the dimmest red brick were not dark enough, some of the houses are actually painted black. At the present moment Amsterdam is in an abnormal state owing to the Exhibition, which, by-the-way, after the Paris Exhibition of 1878, seems a very one-horse affair. The next stage after Amsterdam was Leyden, spoken of slightly by the guide-books, but, nevertheless, one of the most charming towns I have seen. The country round about is wooded, and like a vast park; the canals bordered with beautiful trees, the fine old houses with gables of the most various and fantastic outlines; the bridges, the swans, the calm, the happy-looking people, the carillon, the neat shops, the cleanliness of everything and everybody make Leyden a sort of fairy spot made for basking in the sun and tranquil enjoyment. As a beautiful and characteristic Dutch town, Leyden has no rival but Haarlem.

From Leyden I made an excursion in an unpoetical steam tramway to Katwyk-an-Zee, a little seaside village much frequented by the Dutch, where some immense locks help the Rhine to discharge its waters into the sea. The journey is very interesting. The steam tramcar rattles along through fields, between little canals, through village streets lined with trees cropped fan-shape, whose branches rustle against the windows. All these cottages are clean and excessively tidy, and each window is provided with the inevitable blue wire gauze screen in a black frame. About midway you pass a seminary of priests, whom you see, clad like the characters in the pictures of the seventeenth century, smoking their cigars and pipes calmly in a garden gay with flowers. Gradually the country becomes less smiling, and you sight a belt of low, irregular, grey hillocks, or the sand dunes. The land grows more desolate and sandy, the rich green grass of the Dutch pastures yields place to wiry sand squitch, and you see only here and there a sunken patch of potatoes or black oats growing some four or five feet below the level of the sand. Then, deep down amidst the dunes in a sort of ravine, you see a pond of black water with a green steam-boat upon it and around it some long buildings. This is the haven of Katwyk and the terminus of the canal from Leyden. After proceeding on a little further at a higher level you come to the village of Katwyk, whose streets are beautifully paved with yellow and red bricks and lined with fishermen's cottages with gardens hedged in with many coloured fragments of broken up boats. On this queer fencing the small nets are hung to dry, while the long nets, used for the herring fishery, may be seen darkening the slopes of the dunes with their black meshes. At the end of the village street you find yourself on the summit of an immense dyke that runs away along the coast, and in front of you stretches the North Sea, wrinkled, rough, and desolate. At a distance of about ten minutes from the village along this dyke, you come to a black channel running into the sea at right angles, and banked in on either side by huge slabs of black granite, bordered with an edging of stakes and fascines to break up the waves. At the end of this canal, on a line with the dykes, whose continuity is broken at this point, rises a tremendous blank wall, built of huge blocks of grey stone, supported by five huge buttresses, between which are fixed sluice-gates. These sluice-gates are repeated in the interior, there being three sets of locks, through which the Rhine passes to reach the sea. At high water the sea rises to a height of thirteen feet and more against these sluice-gates, often far above the level of the waters of the canal; and if it were not for the resistance of these immense dykes and hydraulic works, vast spaces of the country would be submerged. The dykes and sluices of Katwyk are an imposing spectacle: in the grey of the evening, just after sunset, the whole place appears cold, desolate, and inhospitable beyond description. The black and dismal sea roars and dashes in vain against the granite of this blackest and dimmest of walls.

One morning, in an evil hour, I put my trust in the assurances of the guide-book—Baedeker's guide—and started by steamer from Amsterdam, en route for Broek, that famous village where the Dutch craze for cleanliness passes all bounds, according to the tradition. At Broek, we have been told by all travellers hitherto, it is forbidden to enter the streets with horses or dogs; forbidden to smoke a pipe unless the pipe has a cover; forbidden to clean boots or brush clothes, except in the fields to leeward of the village. Furthermore, we have been told that the streets are paved with three kinds of brick, in mosaic, and that every morning these streets are scrubbed and the interstices cleansed with toothpicks and fine-tooth-combs; that the houses are deliciously pretty and beautifully painted in many colours. Years ago, perhaps, Broek might have been as scrupulously clean as tradition says; at present Broek is a delusion and a snare. Broek is certainly prettily situated, but the houses offer nothing remarkable; the gardens are wretched, the streets are in bad repair, and the remarkable cleanliness of the place is a myth. When one has places like Haarlem, Delft, Leyden, and Utrecht to see, to say nothing of more distant towns in extreme north Holland, it is useless wasting six or seven hours to go to Broek.

And now here I am, once more at the end of my tether, and I have said nothing about Utrecht and nothing about pictures, marvels by Frans Hals and Rembrandt, and Bol and Van der Helst, and Jan Steen and Terburg; I have said nothing about the poorness of Dutch hotels, or the unintelligibility of the Dutch language; I have said nothing about Dutch national costumes, about the wealth of the peasants and the prodigality of their wives in purchasing gold jewellery, grand pianos, and silver tea-cups. But after all, in my Holiday Rambles I have not, like that notable and profound Italian, Loys Guicciardini, the pretension of writing a

"Description de tous les Pays-Bas, autrement appelez la Germanie inférieure ou Basse-Allemagne." Holland is a country worth going any distance to see; and now that I have seen it, I leave it with regret, and with that sadness which attends the satisfaction of great curiosities. T. C.

The funeral of the Count de Chambord took place on Monday at Götz. The ceremony was shorn of much of its interest by the absence, not only of the Count de Paris and his immediate relatives, but also of Don Carlos and Don Alfonso, owing to a dispute which arose on the question of precedence. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Parma, and Prince Louis of Bavaria were, however, present. The Emperor Francis Joseph was represented, and the procession included some Austrian troops and several hundred Frenchmen. A funeral mass was celebrated in Paris at the time of the final obsequies.—Ivan Tourguéneff, the Russian novelist, died on Monday at Bougival, after a long and painful illness, at the age of sixty-five. Our Paris Correspondent says:—"Tourguéneff was highly esteemed by the modern French novelists, and his rooms in the house of M. Louis Viardot, under whose roof he had lived for years, used to be the rendezvous of Gustave Flaubert, Edmond de Goncourt, Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola, and many other poets and novelists, whose names have become famous. The recent death of M. Viardot doubtless hastened that of Tourguéneff, for they had been for more than twenty years most intimate friends. Tourguéneff wrote French with extreme elegance, and his style of fiction has had a great influence on contemporary French literature."—Paris was visited by a hurricane on Sunday, and the preparations in the Tuilleries gardens on behalf of the poor of Paris were reduced to a wreck.

King Alfonso, with Queen Christina, left Madrid yesterday week on a tour to the North-West Provinces, after visiting which the King will proceed, via Paris, to Germany, to attend the military manoeuvres. On Sunday, at Corunna, his Majesty reviewed the squadron of instruction, composed of the iron-clad Vittoria and four other vessels, and proceeded on Monday morning by rail to San Sebastian, the intended sea voyage being given up owing to the severe gales. King Alfonso and Queen Christina have opened a new railway, which will connect Madrid with the ports on the north-west of Spain, and also improve the communication with France. On Wednesday the King continued his journey to Paris, the Queen returning to the neighbourhood of Madrid.

On Sunday the autumn manoeuvres of the Belgian army began, under command of General Vandersmissen. The operations, in which two divisions, comprising 16,000 men, participated, took place in the valley of the Sambre and Meuse, on the very battle-field where the French Republican General Dumouriez achieved his successes of 1792.—A National Exhibition of Architecture was opened on Monday at the Palais des Beaux Arts at Brussels. The section which contains drawings, dating back more than three centuries, is especially remarkable. Some of the exhibits—as, for instance, the drawings of Rubens—are almost priceless.

The Emperor William, with a brilliant suite, including Marshal Count Moltke, assisted last Saturday morning at the opening of a panorama of Sedan. His Majesty expressed his great satisfaction with the work, and thanked the painter, Anton Werner.—Last Saturday the extraordinary Session of the German Parliament, which lasted only four days, came to an end, having assented to the ratification of the commercial treaty with Spain and of the International Fishery Convention.—A terrible railway accident took place on Sunday night at Steglitz, a small station near Berlin, where a mail-train ran into a crowd of people who had pressed over a barrier to get into the train. Thirty-nine were killed.

The Crown Princess of Austria gave birth to a daughter on Sunday morning. Both her Imperial Highness and the infant are doing well.—At a Ministerial Conference in Vienna, on Monday, presided over by the Emperor, General Ramberg was nominated Governor-General of Croatia, with a view to appease the excited feeling of the populace. In Hungary the wandering bands of rioters not only commit robberies, but set houses on fire and murder the Jews who fall into their hands.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia reached Copenhagen on Thursday week, and were met by the King of Denmark, with several members of the Danish Royal family. They were enthusiastically welcomed by the people. The King and Queen of Sweden yesterday week visited the King and Queen of Denmark.

President Arthur has terminated his trip to the West.—Lord Coleridge arrived in Portland, Maine, last Saturday evening, as the guest of the Cumberland County Bar. He was welcomed by the Mayor, and a reception was held in his honour by the Bar Association. On Monday his Lordship, on the invitation of Judge Webb, attended the United States District Court, and in the evening he was entertained at a banquet.—The penny-postage system is to be introduced into the United States on Oct. 1 next. On and after that date letters will be carried any distance within the Union, from New York to San Francisco, for instance, or from Chicago to New Orleans, for the sum of two cents.—A fire broke out at Cincinnati on Tuesday, eight women and one man being burned to death.

A distinguished party, comprising the directors, many prominent Canadians, Prince Hohenlohe of Prussia, Count Gleichen, the Earl of Lathom, and Lord Elphinstone, have left Montreal on a trip along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Calgary, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, 840 miles west of Winnipeg, being the point to which the railway is laid.

The Indian Government has decided to start famine relief works in the Northern Provinces, in consequence of the drought prevailing there. Eight thousand persons will be employed in two districts, and a broad-gauge railway made in another.

Mr. John Smalman Smith, barrister-at-law, has been appointed a puisne judge of the Supreme Court of the Gold Coast Colony, in succession to Mr. Henry Stubbins, who recently resigned the office.—New York papers report an earthquake at Pachuca, in Mexico, by which twenty persons lost their lives.—A violent storm occurred off Great Banks, Newfoundland, on Sunday week, while 100 dories were away from their vessels, overhauling the trawls. Many of the dories were lost, and it is believed that eighty men perished. There has also been a severe storm off the coast of Nova Scotia.—The question of drying up the Zuyder Zee is being actively discussed in Holland. The Royal Institute of Engineers purposes holding shortly a public meeting of their body at Amsterdam to thoroughly examine the scheme for carrying out this idea by connecting by strong dykes all the islands that form its outer fringe, and so permanently excluding all inflow from the North Sea.—A concession has been granted to Sir Julius Vogel by the Government of Western Australia for the construction of a railway from Perth to Eucla.—The crew of the steamer Varna, attached to the Dutch Polar Expedition in the Dijnphna, have been picked up by the steamer Obi, their ship having foundered. They state that the Danish exploring vessel, Dijnphna was ice-bound, but the captain was confident of getting into open water.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty is enjoying complete repose at Balmoral, the daily routine being varied by drives in the picturesque district with Princess Beatrice and Princess Christian and her two sons, Princess Alice of Albany, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who arrived on Monday. Sir Albert Woods, Garter King of Arms, also arrived. The Queen conferred the Order of the Garter upon Prince Albert Victor. Her Majesty, having received the insignia from Sir Albert Woods, she delivered the Garter to the Prince and invested him with the ribbon and George. Princess Beatrice was present. The Princesses ride frequently, and the Princes are daily out fishing or deerstalking, as well as joining in other out-of-door recreations. Divine service, performed at Balmoral on Sunday by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, was attended by the Queen and the Royal family. Mr. Campbell has dined with her Majesty. The Queen, in reply to a request that she would open the new park at Aberdeen, presented by Miss Duthie at a cost of £70,000, expressed her inability to do it personally, but announced that Princess Beatrice would be happy to perform the ceremony; which will take place at the end of the month, when the Princess will come to the city and open a bazaar in aid of the local Sick Children's Hospital.

The Prince of Wales, who has been at Baden-Baden for the races, was the guest of the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton at her château during his stay. His Royal Highness returned to Homburg on Monday, he having since gone to Copenhagen to join the Princess and his daughters.

Bagshot Park was the scene of a grand military tournament and athletic sports, in aid of the funds of Bagshot church, which took place on the 29th ult., in front of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught's residence, their Royal Highnesses and a large house party attending and some 6000 persons being present. The Duchess presented the prizes at the close. The bands of the 1st Life Guards and of the Queen's Bays performed during the day. The Duke and Duchess, with their children, who were at Buckingham Palace, left on Tuesday for Berlin, on a visit to the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, and to take leave of the Emperor previous to the Duke's taking his command in India. Their Royal Highnesses travelled by the 7.40 a.m. train from Charing-cross to Dover, crossing to Calais in the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's special steamer, Maid of Kent. The route was continued via Brussels and Cologne to Potsdam, which was reached on Wednesday afternoon.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin arrived at Plymouth a few days since on board a German man-of-war, accompanied by the naval commander-in-chief, Admiral Sir William Houston Stewart, and visited various ships in harbour and Keyham Dockyard.

The Empress Eugénie has returned to her residence at Farnborough Hill, from the Continent.

Crichel, the seat of Lord and Lady Alington, was the scene, during the past week, of festivities on the return of their son and heir, the Hon. Humphrey Sturt, and his bride, Lady Feodore Sturt, after their wedding tour.

At St. Modoc's Episcopal Church, Doune, Perthshire, was celebrated on Thursday week the marriage of Mr. T. G. Harry Moncreiffe, second son of Lady Louise and the late Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Bart., with Miss Elizabeth B. Muir, second daughter of Mr. John Muir, of Deanston, Perthshire. The bridegroom, in full Highland garb, was attended by the Hon. Frederick R. W. de Moleyns (4th Hussars) as best man. The bridesmaids were Misses Jeannie Annie and Agnes Muir (sisters of the bride), Miss Blanche Forbes, and Miss Violet Mordaunt (nieces of the bridegroom). The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of white duchesse satin trimmed with Brussels lace and orange-blossom, and wreath of the same and lace veil. The bridesmaids were attired in white and gold dresses, and carried bouquets of yellow roses and heather, each wearing a gold crescent brooch set with pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Cole, Incumbent of St. Modoc's. Mr. and Mrs. Muir received the wedding party at Deanston House for breakfast, after which the newly-married pair took their departure for Taymount Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray's place, lent to them for the honeymoon. The wedding presents were very valuable. Two hundred and fifty villagers of Deanston presented the bride with two silver flower-pots, and the Deanston servants' present was a set of silver fruit knives and forks. A large company was entertained at dinner, which was followed by a ball. Triumphant arches were erected along the route to the church and railway station, and at night there were bonfires and fireworks.

AUSTRALIAN PROGRESS.

The results of the financial year ending June 30 will, says the *Melbourne Argus*, show our creditors that we are increasing other things besides our indebtedness. The revenue returns of the colony of Victoria show that the receipts during the twelve months just closed were £12,075 in excess of those brought to book in 1881-2. But this does not disclose the real advance. If we take into consideration the smaller quantity of land sold by auction—all land retained, of course, is an asset for future realisation—and the loss occasioned by the abolition of the excise duty on beer, we find that the actual growth in the public income was about £170,000. The total revenue for the year was £5,602,066, of which £1,769,004 came from customs; £537,463 from excise and inland revenue, £679,933 from land, £1,971,198 from public works, £27,787 from port and harbour charges, £324,821 from post and telegraph offices, £111,315 from fees, £5980 from fines, and £174,560 from miscellaneous sources. All the items which depend on the consuming power of the community, and consequently reflect its industrial condition, show considerable elasticity. As most of the money we have borrowed has been invested in railways, the earnings of the State lines must always be interesting to English readers. During the financial year 1882-3 eighty-nine miles of new road were opened for traffic, making a total of 1381 miles in actual use. The gross receipts were £1,838,214 as against £1,715,259 in 1881-2, or an increase of £123,025. As the different sets of debentures fall due and are replaced by others carrying a lower rate of interest, there is every reason to believe that the net railway income will more than cover the interest on the whole of our public debt.

The mail steam-ship Bulimba, Captain Clarke, sailed for Queensland from Plymouth on the 29th ult., having on board 135 single men, 106 women, and 185 families.—The Duntrune left Dundee last Saturday for Brisbane, having on board the following emigrants—168 single men, 18 single women, and 190 families.—Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship Assaye, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in June last; and the Agent-General for South Australia has received intelligence of the arrival at Port Adelaide of the ship Ashmore, with Government emigrants, on Sept. 1, "all well," after a passage of seventy-eight days.

MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

The *Cornhill Magazine* begins and ends with a disagreeable story. "The Reverend John Creed," a narrative of the relapse of a converted negro preacher into barbarism, and "The Romance of Pauliatino," a tale of the vindictive treachery of a Sardinian girl, both produce a painful impression, although the literary power of the latter is undeniable. The rest of the contents of the number are very good. "The Giant's Robe," indeed, does not as yet display the rich humour of "Vice-Versa," but is quite equal to it in the power of dramatic construction and character-painting which that exuberant humour casts into the shade. The story is taking the course which the judicious reader has foreseen from the first. "Tryst" is a beautiful poem; and "In Suspense" a noteworthy addition to the long list of dialogues of the dead, apparently suggested by a passage in Rabelais. The characteristics of some eminent persons recently deceased are hit off with great humour. The second article on the French press depicts what we should consider in England the degradation of the journalism which exists merely to amuse.

"Fortune's Fool" is concluded in *Macmillan*, with marks of haste and weariness, which will surprise none who remember the history of the book. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has never been so near writing a satisfactory novel, but he has not done it yet. "The Wizard's Son" touches on the question of Highland depopulation, which, with accessory problems, is the subject of Mr. Wallace's essay on the "nationalisation" of the land. It should be the first care of the advocates of this project to show how it can be carried into effect without robbery. Mr. Wallace makes it his second, and defers for a month the explanation of the difference between "stealing" and "conveying." Miss Alice Gardner's essay on the Emperor Julian's antipathy to Christianity is substantially a candid and discriminating sketch of Julian's circumstances and character. The bare question itself admits of the briefest possible answer. Julian was a post-Hellenic Hellenic, like Keats and Landor. Miss Senior's personal recollections of Madame Mohl embody pleasing recollections of an eminently delightful person; and a writer who seeks to revive interest in Johnson's "Rambler" justly draws attention to a neglected side of Johnson's genius, his humour.

Blackwood brings its "Millionaire" from America to England, and the story promises to become more exciting. "Our True Route to India" is an argument in favour of the Euphrates Valley Railway versus the proposed canal through Palestine and the valley of the Jordan, the impracticability of which is placed in a clear light. The importance of railways in Syria, however, is no less strongly asserted in the first of a series of letters from Galilee. The Berkshire Ridgway is a highly interesting account of an old Roman road over the Berkshire Downs, full of memories and memorials of Briton and Roman, Saxon and Dane. "A Polish Love-Story" is pretty, and we are assured that it is genuine.

In *Longman's Magazine* the veteran author of "Orion" comes forward with a poem, "The Last Words of Cleanthes," which shows that his poetical power is in no respect abated. "In the Carquinez Woods" is continued; Mr. Freeman discourses pleasantly and learnedly upon "Titles;" and Mr. Andrew Lang contributes an amusing extravaganza, "A Bookman's Purgatory." The Greek word by which Mr. Lang affects to be puzzled admits of resolution into two simple ones.

The Premier is among the contributors to the *Nineteenth Century*, in virtue of an elegant and, no doubt, an accurate rendering of the popular hymn, "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," into Italian. The translation is curiously succeeded by a paper by Earl Grey on the Irish question, in which the veteran statesman, without naming Mr. Gladstone, severely condemns every feature of his Irish policy, and advocates a return to the strict maxims of political economy in dealing with the country. Mr. Arnold-Forster, in an admirable essay, puts the reasons against renouncing political connection with the colonies with great force. General MacDougall gives a somewhat more favourable review of the strength of the Army than has been usual of late; and Amer Ali, a Mohammedan gentleman, discusses the questions pending between the zemindars and ryots of Bengal, and approves in general of the Indian Government's proposed legislation. Justice Fry, in an essay upon "inequalities of punishment," very sensibly reverts to the old creed that punishment should be punitive, not merely reformatory or deterrent. In Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Wish to Believe," the talk is all on one side. Mr. Kegan Paul points out the inconvenience and injustice of the clerical monopoly of head-masterships; and Dr. W. H. Russell traces a vivid picture of the ill-fated island of Ischia, where he had sojourned very shortly before the recent catastrophe.

The contents of the *Fortnightly Review* are rather varied than deeply interesting. "Politics in the Lebanon," treating of French intrigue in that part of the world, draws attention to an important factor in the situation, the disagreement between the aims of the Maronites patronised by France and those of the Court of Rome. "Egypt for the Egyptians" points out many grievances which might be easily rectified if England honestly took the administration of the country into her own hands, but are difficult to deal with under the present ambiguous system. Mr. A. P. Sinnett, late editor of the *Pioneer*, charges most mistakes and inconsistencies in our Indian policy to the interference of the Home Government, according to the ideas of successive sets of administrators in England. Mr. Ernest Hart, in a strain of warm philanthropy, recommends the settlement of the poor cultivators of the West upon land as yet unreclaimed. We should have thought that this land, which it has apparently been worth no one's while to cultivate as yet, or of which the cultivation has been given up, must be even poorer than the land whose poverty he depicts in such striking colours. Mr. Hart, however, affirms the contrary, and his statements deserve investigation. If "the Radical Programme" is correctly expounded in this number, the Radical party must be on the eve of a split. It is a system of State socialism, which may find support at Birmingham, but will be thought intolerable at Manchester.

The *Contemporary Review* opens with an article on "Russia after the Coronation," by the Nihilist writer who adopts the signature of "Stepniak." There may be truth in the author's complaints of the Russian Government, but his tone is that of an irreconcilable whom nothing would satisfy. Professor Sayce contributes a useful compendium of the knowledge recently gained of the mythology of the Canaanites and kindred Semitic nations; and Dr. Hatch points out very clearly the process by which the originally secular institution of tithes has acquired the sanction of the Levitical law. Mr. Jenkins's paper on Serbia is interesting and instructive. "Medusa," a tale of the supernatural, begins well; but becomes too vague and merely fanciful.

The most remarkable article in the *National Review* is Mr. Alfred Austin's essay on the relation of literature to politics—a generally sound piece of argument, with a few curious oversights. Wordsworth did concern himself with politics; the most remarkable of his prose writings is a political pamphlet. Gibbon did not retire to Lausanne to write his *History*, four volumes of which had been already published in London.

Buffon is still read for his style, though his science is antiquated. But Mr. Austin's remarks on the benefit derived by Milton from his participation in political life are a very satisfactory reply to Mr. Pattison. The number contains some other excellent papers, including Miss Preston's half sarcastic, half serious, enlightenment of Mr. Arnold's real or affected ignorance respecting American manners; Lord Harris's historical researches into cricket; the conclusion of Miss Harkness's paper on the municipality of London; "John Indigo's" reply to the charges preferred against the English administration of India; and Mr. W. D. Hay's vigorous exposition of the New Guinea question from a colonial point of view.

The *Century* has excellent illustrated papers on Cape Cod, the Indian wars, musk-ox hunting with the Esquimaux, and ornamental forms in nature. There is also an interesting account of Professor Alexander Agassiz's marine laboratory at Newport. The advantage gained by the proximity of the Gulf Stream is very noteworthy. The anonymous novel, "The Bread-Winners," has a lively picture of the obscure stirrings of Socialism in America, and is clever and interesting altogether. Besides good illustrated articles on Dalecarlia and the Catskill Mountains, *Harper* has one of considerable interest on the present style of domestic architecture in New York. The architects are taxed with an unintelligent partiality for the Queen Anne style: on the whole, however, the development seems to be in a right direction. "An Unpublished Chapter of Hawaiian History" records the narrow escape of the Sandwich Islands from annexation by Great Britain in 1843. The English Government seems to have behaved with eminent fairness and justice. The *Atlantic Monthly* continues "A Roman Singer," and its other serial tales; and has several good miscellaneous papers, among the best of which are a notice of Mérimée's letters, and an article on the Caucasus, showing the disgust of the more cultivated classes of Americans with their "nominating machines."

Mrs. Linton's "Jane Stewart" is concluded in *Temple Bar*; which has also an equitable review of Marshal Bazaine's military conduct, justifying him up to the fall of the Empire, and unsparingly condemning him afterwards; a beautifully-written descriptive essay contrasting the scenery of Siena with that of Susrea, and an interesting account of travel in Asia Minor.

The principal contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* are the continuation of Mr. Buchanan's "New Abelard," an excellent scientific paper on "the inner life of plants," with a hideous advertisement, most offensively stuck in the middle of the latter. *Belgravia* has the same handbill, with three or four more nearly as bad; and nothing of stirring literary merit except a powerful story of the supernatural by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, and the conclusion of Mr. Gibbon's "Loving a Dream." "After the Season," in *The Theatre*, contains interesting notices of Wagner and other celebrities.

We have also to acknowledge *London Society*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, *Time*, *Good Words*, *Merry England*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Argosy*, the *United Service Magazine*.

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has accepted the presidency of the Tithe Redemption Trust.

Bishop Hellmuth, acting for the Bishop of London, on Saturday and Sunday last dedicated two Anglican chapels in Switzerland.

Lord Auckland opened a fashionable bazaar, held at Tranby Croft, Mr. A. Wilson's seat, last Saturday, in aid of a new church at Anlaby, near Hull.

A memorial-tablet to the late Canon Reeve has been placed in Bristol Cathedral. It is of statuary marble, and executed by Mr. Frank Bell.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has dedicated a new reredos in the Church of St. Michael, Gloucester, erected at a cost of more than £1000 by Mrs. F. Symes, in memory of her parents, from designs by Mr. F. S. Waller.

The consecration of the Rev. A. W. Poole as new Bishop of Japan will take place in Lambeth Palace Chapel, on St. Michael's and All Angels' Day, the 29th inst., the sermon being preached by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth.

The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles was on Tuesday enthroned in his cathedral at Cumbrac, Millport. The ceremony, which was witnessed by a large congregation, was performed by Dr. Noyes, Dean of Argyll and the Isles.

The Rev. Mr. James Herbert Chadwick, of Sudbury, Suffolk, has been appointed by the trustees head master of the Queen's Grammar School, Basingstoke, in succession to the Rev. F. Rutty. The appointment has been approved by the Lord Chancellor. There were thirty candidates.

The Bishop of St. Alban's has consecrated a new church at High Beach, built at the sole cost of Mr. Baring, M.P. The Bishop and the Hon. Mrs. Cloughton have recently been present at open-air meetings in private grounds in Essex and Hertfordshire on behalf of the Additional Curates Society.

Sir Erasmus Wilson laid the foundation-stone of St. Saviour's Church, Westgate-on-Sea, on the 28th ult., a great many clergymen and visitors being present. The ceremony was followed by a luncheon in the Assembly Rooms. The Rev. A. Lyne, who is to be the Vicar of the new church, is very popular, his congregation having in three years outgrown the little iron church of the same name.

The sum of £15,000 has been promised to the Southwell Bishopric fund during the last two months and a half, and about £13,000 is now required for the erection of the new see for the benefit of the counties of Notts and Derby, and of the dioceses of Lincoln and Lichfield, from which the bishopric of Southwell is to be formed. The Bishop of Lincoln states that if the sum of £11,000 is forthcoming by the end of the present year, a subscriber to the fund will then be prepared to contribute the sum of £2000 to it, as an addition to £1000 already paid by him as a donation to the fund, that the endowment of the see may be then completed.

Mr. Smalman Smith, of the Inner Temple, has been appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the Gold Coast.

According to the twenty-first report of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund for the year ending Dec. 31, 1882, the late boys' school, with the land, furniture, and effects, has been sold to the Governors of the United Westminster (Endowed) Schools for £32,000, which has been added to the endowment fund of £69,479, making a total of £101,479, and out of the aggregate amount £35,000 has been appropriated to the education of the orphans of Roman Catholic soldiers and sailors, the remainder being passed over to the credit of the general fund. The amount of the securities of the endowment fund of the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum for Girls on Dec. 31, 1882, was £143,651. The details of the general scheme for the future management have been prepared by the Charity Commissioners under the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, and will shortly be published.

ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.*

In these days, when books with electrical titles pour almost incessantly from the press, it is quite a pleasure to turn to one which is really electrical in its contents. Mr. Gordon has, indeed, conferred a great boon on those who desire good and trustworthy information on certain recently developed branches of electrical physics, which cannot be found embraced in any single work hitherto published. That the labours of the author have been appreciated is evidenced by the fact that, although the first edition was published only three years since, it has long been out of print, and a second edition called for. The work is divided into four parts, dealing with Electro-Statics, Magnetism, Electro-Kinetics, and Electro-Optics, respectively. Throughout the whole of these the text has been, as is indicated in the preface to the first edition, the hypothesis of Newton, Faraday, and Maxwell, viz.:—"That there is no such thing as 'action at a distance,' but that all electrical actions are transmitted from place to place by strains of some continuous medium filling the space between." Some remarkably pretty experiments with residual and superposed electricity are described in the section on Electro-Statics, which tend materially to demonstrate the truth of the theory. The opening chapters of the third part are the weak feature in the work, as the author, even if he makes no attempt to be mathematical, should in a physical treatise be exact chemically. It is in this branch of the science that we are just now looking for great things; and that fact renders the chemical paucity in the work before us unusually striking. Where the author introduces any chemical reactions, he does so secondhand; and even then the selections are often of a very low order, at times inconsistent. We should have to go a long way, for instance, before we could find another first-class work which in one place refers to sulphuric acid as H₂SO₄, and in another as SO₃. There is, however, a promise of a full description in a forthcoming volume on Electric Lighting, which is also made answerable for the judicious withdrawal of a chapter that appeared in the first edition on the electric light. It is in the third part that the chief additions have been made, embracing an account of Mr. Tribe's most interesting and promising electrolytic experiments, and the recent work of Mr. Stroh and Professor Bjerknes. As the work is in some places brought up to last July, it is to be regretted that Mr. Gordon could not find room for a description of the truly wonderful experiments on magnetism performed by Professor Hughes before the Society of Telegraph Engineers last spring. Although, furthermore, the author has been unable to find room for comment on the subjects of the new chapters, their insertion, together with other items introduced into almost every page of the two volumes, make the work the most valuable compilation of the products of the master minds in the electrical world ever published; and we are confident that a very long time will elapse before we see a better one in any tongue. For the most part the illustrations are exceedingly good, while the coloured plates depicting the various deposits of copper upon silver plates, obtained by Mr. Tribe, are beyond praise, and are certainly second to none. To the publishers every praise is due for general and uniform excellence.

*"A Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism." By J. E. H. Gordon, B.A., Camb., Member of the International Congress of Electricians, Paris, 1881. Second Edition. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

THE INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The death of Sir Charles Wheatstone has not by any means silenced the voices of claimants to the title of the original inventor of practical telegraphy. The latest claim made is by Mr. J. J. Fahie on behalf of Edward Davy, M.R.C.S., M.S.A. It appears that Davy was engaged on the invention from 1836 to 1839, when, from some unexplained private cause, he deemed it expedient to devote the remainder of his life to colonial pursuits. He sailed for Australia, where he has remained ever since, and at present, in his seventy-seventh year, holds a highly respectable position.

The invention was a genuine one, but, being almost contemporary with Cooke and Wheatstone's production, the opposition was keen. The Solicitor-General, on the opinion of the great Faraday, granted the palm to Davy, who, however, was unequal to the task of combating the business-like Wheatstone. Many are of opinion that much of the credit awarded to Sir Charles is due to Mr. Stroh, than whom there is no better instrument maker living. The following paragraph is taken from an undelivered lecture found amongst the long-hidden and almost lost MSS. of Mr. Davy and recently printed in the *Electrician*:—

"I cannot, however, avoid looking at the system of electrical communication between distant places, in a more enlarged way, as a system which will, one of these days, become an especial element in social intercourse. As the railways are already doing, it will tend still further to bring remote places, in effect, near together. If the one may be said to diminish distance, the other may be said to annihilate it altogether, being instantaneous. The finger of the London correspondent is on the finger key; and, anon, in less time than he can remove it, the signal is already on the paper in Edinburgh; and almost as fast as he can touch one key after another in succession these signals are formed into words and intelligible sentences. These may either have private interpretations attached to them, easily arranged between individuals, or they may be translated according to rule by a clerk of the establishment, supposing such an establishment to be instituted and thrown open to the public like the Post Office, on the principle that anyone might send a communication on paying some moderate fee, to be charged according to length. All the practical details of such an establishment are easily chalked out."

The Ischia fund at the Mansion House amounts to upwards of £2240. A second instalment of £1000 has been forwarded to the Italian Ambassador.

The Honourable Artillery Company of London held their annual rifle competition on Monday and Tuesday at the Park Ranges, near Tottenham. The principal event was the contest for the annual prize of £20, presented by Captain-General and Colonel the Prince of Wales. About seventy competitors took part in it. The winner proved to be Lieutenant Batement, who, though tied by Lieutenant M'Kenzie, came in first by virtue of his score at the longest distance. Lieutenant Batement also won a handsome painting, presented by Sergeant W. S. Jay. The second prize, 5 guineas, given by the officers, goes to Lieutenant M'Kenzie; and the third prize of 4 guineas to Private Rosenthal. The close of the contest decided the aggregates for the best scores in three competitions—the Majors', the Baroness Bolsover's, and the Prince of Wales's. Lieutenant-Colonel the Duke of Portland's prize of 15 guineas was awarded to Captain Munday; the late Captain Jacob's memorial prize, value 5 guineas, to Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry Wace; and Lord Colville of Culross's prize of £5 to Private Browning. Captain Munday also wins the championship of the regiment for the highest aggregate of the Wimbledon Queen's Prize shooting and the aggregate of the meeting.



THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT CORK: INTERIOR SECTIONAL VIEW.

THE CORK INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

The recent visit of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Spencer, to the Industrial Exhibition at Cork, was an event not merely of local importance, but of good auspices for the welfare of the Irish people. This Exhibition is designed for the whole of Ireland. It was at Cork, in 1852, that the first attempt was made to follow the example of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park the year before; and the Dublin Exhibition of 1853, upon a wider scale, assisted by the liberality of Sir William Dargan, was the second Irish undertaking of this kind. In 1865 another Dublin Exhibition took place, in a new building of a permanent character, which served again in 1872 and 1873 for a similar purpose, but part of which has been removed. At a meeting of the County Cork Agricultural Society, held on Oct. 7 last, the question being raised as to where the next show of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland should be held, Cork initiated steps for having the show in the south. A friendly emulation took place between Limerick and Cork, and the Royal Agricultural Society threw in its vote in favour of Limerick. But a large indemnity fund had been subscribed in Cork, and, on the suggestion of Alderman Nagle, this fund was devoted towards the foundation of the movement for an Industrial Exhibition. At first the time and the condition of the country seemed unfavourable to a display of material wealth; but by degrees the matter was taken up by the Cork Corporation and other public bodies, and then its progress was merely a matter of time. Leading men of all classes and parties, Catholics and Protestants, Conservatives, Liberals, and Nationalists, the landlords and farmers of the county, and the merchants, tradesmen, and artisans of the city of Cork, have cordially joined in this undertaking. The president is the Earl of Bandon, Lord Lieutenant of the county; the Mayor of Cork is chairman of the executive committee, and the vice-chairmen are Sir G. Colthurst, Bart., Mr. W. Shaw, M.P., and Mr. T.

Mahony; Mr. L. A. Beamish is honorary secretary, and the list of the committee includes a great many influential men. The Exhibition comprises, 1st, articles manufactured in Ireland, and Irish raw produce, mineral, vegetable, and animal; 2nd, articles produced in other countries which may serve to promote Irish industries; 3rd, machinery suitable for Irish industries; 4th, Irish works of art and decoration; 5th, a general loan collection of art; 6th, agricultural products and machinery; 7th, fishery appliances, but all with a view to the benefit of Ireland. The Exhibition building, on the site of the Corn Exchange and adjacent ground, was designed by the architect, Mr. R. Walker, C.E., and constructed with remarkable despatch, in about two months, by Mr. John Delaney, of Cork, the contractor. We gave a view of the exterior some time ago; an interior sectional view is now presented. The Corn Exchange hall forms an entrance vestibule, whence an arched passage leads into the Great Hall, 188 ft. long and 75 ft. wide, divided into a nave, 50 ft. wide and 56 ft. high, with side aisles and galleries, and with an orchestra at the end. Connected with the Great Hall are thirteen avenues, 25 ft. wide, eight of which are 384 ft. long and five 196 ft. long, separated by pillars, with arches opening into each other, which have a fine aggregate effect. The two art galleries are each 75 ft. long and 25 ft. wide. An additional hall, 250 ft. long and 51 ft. wide, is devoted to the agricultural machinery and implements. The entire floor space, including the galleries of the great hall, is 143,115 square feet, of which 114,743 ft. square is occupied for the exhibition of articles, arranged in eleven sections and thirty-eight classes, according to their kind—namely, raw materials and their immediate products; machines and tools; works in metals; glass and pottery; leather, fur, feathers, bones, horn, and shell; fibres and textile fabrics; furniture and decoration; educational apparatus; miscellaneous wares; fine arts; archaeology and ethnology (loan collections). A model dairy, with cream and butter-making,

is fitted up in the yard; there are models of cottages, and special exhibitions of lace and needlework. The whole Exhibition is beautifully lighted, and the electric light is used in the evening. The progress that Ireland has made in the manufacture of various materials of ordinary commerce is abundantly and significantly shown, while the reality of the recent home manufacture movement is strongly attested by the revival of trades that for some years past had been allowed to languish almost to extinction. English and foreign exhibits in the heavier materials are not numerous, but this will be accounted for by the fact that the Exhibition has not aspired to the character of an international or a universal display. There is, however, a good show of English-made agricultural machines and implements, and of Sheffield cutlery. We earnestly recommend a visit to the Cork Exhibition to those who have leisure just now to visit Ireland, and who will, at the same time, have the moral and social gratification of proving their hearty sympathy with truly patriotic and judicious efforts to do good in the sister country, while they will get much practical acquaintance with its actual resources, and they may see some of the most delightful scenery to be found in the United Kingdom. Let us also hope that these experiences will tend to promote kindly feeling between the English and Irish people.

THE NEW QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

The death of the Queen of Madagascar, who assumed the title of Ranavalona II. when she came to the throne in 1868 (on the death of Rasoaherina), has lately been announced. Our Portrait of Queen Ranavalona III. is from a photograph by Mr. Abraham Kingdon, who has written the following account of her Majesty:—

"Rasendranoro, who has been elected Queen of Madagascar, is a niece of the late Queen Ranavalona II. She now takes the name and title of Ranavalona III.

"She is about twenty-three years of age, and was married to Andrianaly, a young nobleman, who studied medicine in Edinburgh, where he took his degree as a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. The marriage proved to be a very unhappy one; indeed, Andrianaly is said to have struck his Royal wife. For this and other supposed offences, he was banished to the fever district south of Fianarantsoa, in the Betsileo province; but recently he was recalled to attend the late Queen. He is not, however, regarded as the husband of the new Queen.

"Ranavalona III. is a lady possessed of pleasing manners and a dignified bearing. Her policy will no doubt be that of her predecessor. Indeed, were it otherwise, it would not accord with the spirit of the times in Madagascar. May the reign of Ranavalona III. be as productive of good as was the reign of Ranavalona II., who has now "turned her back" ("niamboho"), as the natives say when speaking of a ruler's death!

"The Government of Madagascar may be termed "elective-monarchical," and this form has been developed as the result of experience. Up to the time when Radama I. died (in 1828), the will of the ruler was absolute; in fact, the King was called "Andriamanitra hita" ("God seen," or "the visible God"), and the universal impression was that the ruler could do no wrong. During the reign of the persecuting Queen Ranavalona I., that theory began to vanish, and with the strangulation of Radama II., in 1863, all ideas of a King's infallibility were annihilated; and before his successor was raised to the throne Rasoaherina was presented with a written statement of the line of policy she must pursue, to which her signature was affixed before she was acknowledged as Sovereign.

"In the provinces under the immediate control of the Government the political life of the nation has so far advanced that the will of the people (as expressed through the chief members of the Government) is the will of the Sovereign."

MADAGASCAR.

The island of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean, separated by the Mozambique Channel from the east coast of South Africa, is one of the largest islands of the world, smaller indeed than Borneo and New Guinea, but nearly twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland together, its length being almost 1000 miles from north to south, while its average breadth is about 250 miles. In the north and east parts of the island extensive table-lands, at a height of 3000 ft. to 5000 ft., occupy much of the interior, with mountains here and there rising to 8000 ft. or 9000 ft.; but these are surrounded by plains not above 400 ft. from the sea level, more especially in the western and southern parts. Granite mountain ranges, and other hills of igneous rock formation, with extinct volcanic craters, traverse the lower lands; there are many rivers, but few of these are navigable; a belt of dense forest, some fifteen miles broad, encircles nearly the whole island. The heat on the sea-coast is often intense, and Europeans in the eastern ports suffer much from fever, but the interior highlands have a salubrious and agreeable climate. Our Illustrations, from sketches by Captain S. P. Oliver, R.A., give a fair notion of some of the scenery on the road from Tamatave, the chief commercial port of the east coast, to Antananarivo, the capital city of the Hova kingdom. The Hovas are the ruling nation, and properly inhabit the elevated country of the interior, but there are several different nationalities in the island, the Sakalava to the north-west, on the shore of the Mozambique Channel, being the most numerous. The Hovas alone have made some advances towards a state of comparative civilisation; they are, in fact, a slave-holding aristocracy, the Andrians, or nobles, having feudal privileges of considerable potency, and controlling the monarchical authority of the King or Queen. Missionary efforts, first begun in 1818, and resumed in 1862, have produced a nominal profession of Christianity among the upper classes; the laws have been rendered more humane, and some improvements of domestic and social life have been effected; but the mass of the people are heathen. They have much natural intelligence, and are capable of readily learning any manual craft; they weave good cloth on looms of the rudest construction, and wear a piece of this, like a Roman toga, merely folded around the body, for their ordinary dress; they are skilful also as smiths and carpenters. The Malagasy language, which seems to have some affinity with the Malay languages, this race of people being entirely different from all the African races, has been brought into a literary form by the labours of the missionaries, and is printed in newspapers and books. This is the language of the Hovas, to whom the above remarks, concerning progress in the arts of civilisation, will be understood to apply. They constitute but a minority of the whole population of Madagascar, which is supposed to be nearly four millions, but little is known of many districts and their inhabitants. The city of Antananarivo, situated far inland, among the hills, has a population reckoned at from eighty to a hundred thousand; the Queen's Palace and other houses of the Government are built in the European fashion. On the north-west coast, in the Mozambique Channel, is the small islet of Nossi Bé, where the French Government



RANAIVALONA III., THE NEW QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

has, since 1840, possessed a naval and commercial station, as well as one at St. Marie, on the east coast, these islands, with Mayotte, one of the Comoro group, being attached to the French Colonial administration of Réunion.

SPORT IN NORTH DEVON.

TROUT-FISHING AND OTTER-HUNTING.

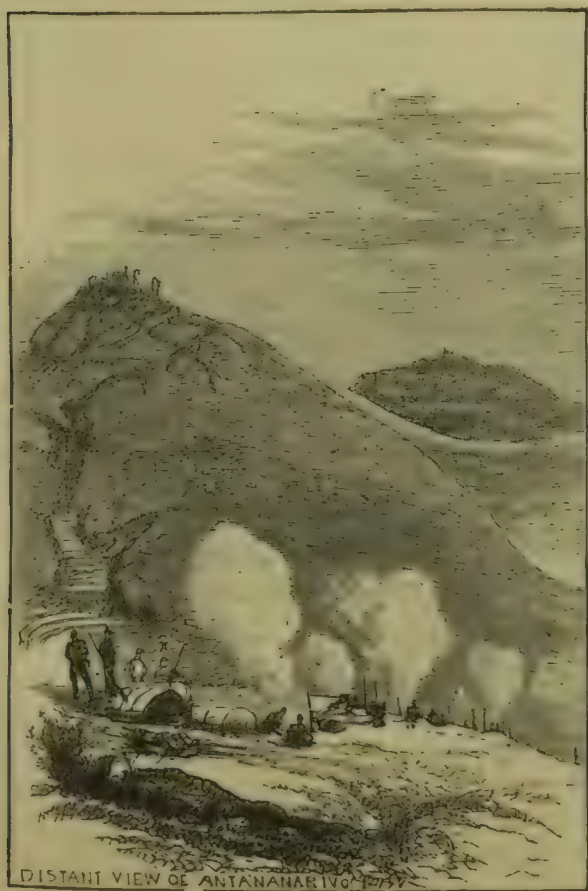
How few of the many mentally wearied toilers who at this pleasant time of year seek rest and recreation far from the madding crowd of fellow-workers ever make full use of the opportunities their holiday affords! Those who do not hurry off abroad, vainly hoping to find renewed vigour in ceaseless change of scene, are, for the most part, content to follow the practices that others have in previous seasons made conventional; and so waste the precious moments in a dull, purposeless routine, the monotony of which they are apt to

mistake for repose. Much may no doubt be said in praise of the pleasures of idleness; but it is certain that the most complete recreation may be found in such mild exertion as summer sports demand. From these pastimes people who spend their holidays at favourite seaside resorts, or among the English lakes, need never be debarred. Fly-fishing is an art which may be pursued alike among the mountains of Cumberland and Wales, the moorlands of Devon, and the beautiful valleys that wind between lofty hills towards pleasant holiday haunts all round our rugged coasts. To join in the excitement of otter-hunting, sojourners at Tenby or Morpeth, Keswick, Coniston, or Windermere need seldom travel far; and in Devonshire the sport may be followed day after day with different packs from Westward Ho or Clovelly, Torquay, Dawlish, or Exmouth.

What can be more delightful than to breathe the fresh perfume-laden air of early summer mornings; to see the white mists rising from level meadows until the shafts of sunrise touch and dispel them; to wander by musical waters, through deep woodlands where the foliage forms a half transparent screen of bright green and pale gold; or to feel the bracing moorland breezes blowing in your face while yet the sparkling dewdrops are hanging like thickly incrusting jewels on heather, gorse, and white-tufted cotton grass? In such charms all "this fair land of Devon," as Kingsley lovingly styled it, is rich. Let him who would make the most of these things select some cosy, quiet quarters, like those our artist has happily chosen, somewhere between the moorland and the sea. Pleasant retreats of this kind are to be found in the windings of nearly every Devonshire valley. They are cottages characteristic of the country—low, rambling buildings, with thick rough walls of whitewashed masonry or ruddy "cob" and deeply set diamond-paned lattices wreathed with myrtle and jessamine, roses, sweet briar, and fragrant honeysuckle. A little stretch of close-cropt sward slopes down to the road, and the narrow wicket is overhung with drooping petals of a crimson fuchsia. A ceaseless cawing comes from the little rookery close at hand; doves coo on the thatch; swallows flit in and out under the shadowy eaves or twitter cheerily on the tall chimney-tops; there is slumberous music in the drowsy hum of bees, as they hover about the roses and

hollyhocks, and a soothing sound in the plash of a little brook, that foams and eddies among fern-fringed rocks outside the boundary fence.

To sally forth from such an abode of peace in the misty light of an August morning, with lissome trout-rod or stout otter-pole in hand, is surely better than idling the day away on sun-scorched sands. You need undertake no very violent exertion in pursuit of either sport. If fear of "fisherman's paralysis" deter you, there is no absolute necessity to wade waist-deep in water, as enthusiasts do. You may even, without fear of being despised as a cockney, decline to form part of the "human dam," whose duty it is to prevent the wily otter from passing out of swift shallows into the more secure strongholds of a deep shadowy pool. You may envy the patient hardihood of the sportsman whose skill as a "look below" is never at fault, and who will stand sometimes for an hour or more in the middle of a "stickle," motionless as a solitary heron watching for its prey, and never



DISTANT VIEW OF ANTANANARIVO.



ANDRAKA FERRY, MT. ANCAVO.



PASS NEAR AMBATOMANGA.

fail to "gaze" an otter should it pass him up or down stream; but you need not emulate his example. At a moment of supreme excitement, when the huntsman's horn proclaims a find; when there is an eager-rush of hounds to the river bank, each jealously striving to be first, all at once loudly giving tongue in joyous chorus; when half a score of impetuous men plunge into the water together, uttering wild shouts of encouragement to their canine comrades, and rustics on the bridge above indulge in still wilder demonstrations of joy, there is no doubt a strong temptation to take active part in the fray. If, however, you be only cool of blood enough to resist this inclination, you may get quite as much satisfaction, and rather more amusement, from watching the movements of others, as they flounder awkwardly over slipping boulders, and at times drop into very undignified postures on their backs in mid-stream. Such mishaps are always mirth-provoking to onlookers, and occasionally refreshing to the performer himself when the noonday heat is so fierce that in hedgerows withered petals of the pink dog-rose fall in showers at the least breath of a breeze, the pale campanula droops its azure bells, the great white moonflower bends on a limp and sapless stem; and even the golden lotos, growing among long lush grass in shady corners, seems languid. One charm of otter-hunting only true lovers of sport can fully appreciate. It is to see old and trusty hounds swimming under the overhanging banks, questing every trailing weed and twisted tree root, or following the "chain" of their game by bubble and vent in deep water with unflinching perseverance. Whether the shaggy-coated, deep-voiced northern hound, with which Mr. Cheriton hunts the tributaries of Taw, Torridge, and Teign, or the pure fox-hound breed used on most other rivers of Devon, is superior in point of sagacity, keenness of scent, and endurance, are questions that may be left for experts to discuss as they take their ease, after the manner of otter-hunters, in the cosy parlour of some neighbouring inn.

Perhaps there are few pleasanter ways of spending a summer's day than to ramble, rod in hand, along the grassy banks of the Taw, where it winds its stately course through rich pasture-lands and softly undulating hills, clothed with a wondrous wealth of foliage, which in autumn becomes one glorious blaze of gold, crimson, or purple. There are many men, and they certainly not the least estimable of their kind, who cannot thoroughly enjoy scenery, however beautiful, until they have a trout or salmon rod in hand. Then they are in the placid mood to contemplate its charms with appreciative eyes. But the moments of true delight for an angler are fondly anticipated. The bending of a supple rod, the graceful wreathing of flies over scour and eddy, the flashing of a fin in a still, dark pool; above all, the rapturous excitement when from point to butt comes that sudden, electrical thrill, and the line runs out with a pleasant sound—these are things in which a genuine workman and lover of Nature may legitimately take delight. In the many windings of this broad river, flowing down from distant hills through a fertile valley that is dotted with clumps of alder, elm, and tall poplar, you may throw a fly almost anywhere with some chance of sport, provided you have a sufficiency of skill. All these streams are diligently fished, so that the funny tribe has become very wary, and only to be lured by tempting baits or cunning artifices. There are many quiet corners and favourite haunts known to every native, under the shadow of those hazel-bushes where the banks have been fretted by winter floods. In some such places, it has been found by experience, goodly fish are taken. To discover these local secrets, however, the stranger has only to keep his eye on some rustic sportsman for a day or two, and after that, if he do not fill his basket the fault will probably be his own. When the sun is low in the west, and all the valley is suffused in a soft warm haze, big fish that have sluggishly refused to move all day will probably be on the feed. Then is your time to spin for them where the gently flowing river is slightly rippled. If fairly dexterous in this delicate branch of the fisherman's art, you may carry home "the best bag of the season," though all through the early hours of day you have been whipping the stream and scarcely got a rise. The sweets of repose in a cosy room, with pleasant company, after a day of summer sport with trout or otter, only those can know who conscientiously tire themselves out in the pursuit of such manly pleasures. H. H. S. P.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

The 160th annual festival of the Three Cathedral Choirs, those of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, being held this week at Gloucester, our extra Supplement is opportunely furnished by the late Mr. Samuel Read's drawing of Gloucester Cathedral. This fine ecclesiastical edifice was, until 1539, the period of the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the church of a wealthy Benedictine Abbey, founded, in 1022, by Canute, the site having, in early Saxon times, been occupied by a nunnery, which was dispersed in 767. The Norman Abbey Church having been partly destroyed by fire, though the original Norman piers of the nave still remain, it was rebuilt at various periods, in the Gothic styles of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, while much of the older internal masonry was recased with Perpendicular Gothic, of which this Cathedral affords one of the earliest English examples, more especially in the transepts and choir, executed from 1329 to 1377. The cloisters, the great tower, and the Lady Chapel, are of later date, the last belonging to the reign of Henry VII. No more beautiful specimen can be found of richly-groined vaulting, of the fan-like pattern which is peculiar to English Perpendicular in its latest stage, than the roof of the cloisters, the south walk being remarkable also for twenty elegant arched recesses, called "the carols," each with a small window, to be used by the monks for retirement in study. The principal feature of the exterior of this Cathedral is the noble central tower, which may compare with that of Canterbury; its parapets are adorned with light open tracery of singular beauty, and the pinnacles are equally graceful. The whole composition of the exterior, viewed from the south-east, with its roof-lines of choir and eastern chapel, choir-aisles, and transepts (which are short) leading up to the tower at the central point of intersection in the ground-plan, has a most harmonious architectural effect. The interior has its own characteristic glories in the lofty Norman piers and side arches of the nave, and the magnificent east window of the choir; which last-mentioned part of the building, constructed by Abbots Staunton and Horton, in the fourteenth century, is nowhere exceeded in beauty of ornamentation. Among the sepulchral monuments is that of King Edward II., who was murdered in Berkeley Castle in 1327, and this tomb was erected at the cost of his son, Edward III.; it supports a recumbent statue of the ill-advised and unlucky king, the face bearing a strong family likeness to those of Edward the Black Prince, at Canterbury, and of King Edward III. in Westminster Abbey. The effigy of Duke Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror, is also found in this Cathedral, that Prince having died a prisoner in Cardiff Castle. The episcopal see of Gloucester, founded in 1511, was held by Bishop Hooper, one of the Protestant Martyrs, and subsequently by

many respectable prelates, but few of great renown; Bishop Warburton, appointed in 1760, was the editor of Pope's writings, and an author of some literary importance in his time. The Right Rev. Dr. C. J. Ellicott, who has been about twenty years Bishop of Gloucester, is a learned and judicious Biblical scholar and commentator, whose critical labours in revising and annotating the New Testament have been justly esteemed. Mrs. Ellicott is a lady of considerable accomplishments in the knowledge of music.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

Swimming entertainments for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Captain Webb, held at the Lambeth Baths on Monday, were largely attended.

Yesterday week the Engineer Volunteer Corps which have been in camp at Chatham were inspected by General Monk, who expressed himself well satisfied with their efficiency.

Yesterday week the Rutlandshire election resulted in the return of Mr. Lowther, Conservative, by 860 votes against 194 polled for Mr. Davenport Handley, Liberal.

Sir Daniel Gooch yesterday week turned the first turf of a railway to be constructed to connect the town of Oldbury (Worcestershire) with the Great Western Railway.

Messrs. Cubitt and Co. have entered into a contract to erect for the Peabody trustees eleven blocks of buildings in Clerkenwell-road. The dwellings will be five stories in height.

The latest addition to the already increasing list of celebrities at Madame Tussaud and Sons' popular galleries is a portrait-model of the Comte de Paris.

The Stratford-on-Avon Town Council at their meeting on Tuesday unanimously resolved to resist the proposal to exhume the remains of Shakespeare.

Some 1200 tables and boxes were distributed about the metropolis last Saturday, and attended by ladies who received contributions to the Hospital Saturday Fund.

It is estimated that the cost of the North Staffordshire colliers' strike, which has partially collapsed, after fifteen weeks' duration, is not less than £150,000.

The first turf of the Bangor Waterworks was turned last Saturday at Bangor, county Down, by Mr. James Bowman, chairman of the Bangor town commissioners.

The Lords of the Admiralty have ordered the standard for recruits to be raised as follows:—Under twenty years of age, from 5 ft. 5 in. to 5 ft. 6 in.; above twenty years of age, from 5 ft. 5½ in. to 5 ft. 6½ in.

Mr. Alfred Richard Pennefather has been appointed Receiver for the Metropolitan Police District, in the room of Mr. Maurice Drummond, who has retired, after over forty years spent in the public service.

During the absence of the Queen and Court in Scotland, several alterations and improvements are being carried out at Windsor Castle. Prominent among these are extensive works at the North Terrace.

Lady John Manners opened a bazaar last Saturday evening in aid of the Birnam Working Men's Institute, Perthshire, in which the Duchess of Athole, the Duchess Dowager of Athole, Lady Stewart of Murthly, Lady Georgiana Field, Lady Isabella Gordon, and other ladies took an active part.

A Birmingham baker had some unwelcome visitors yesterday week. A swarm of bees flew into his shop, and took complete possession of the premises, covering the window, the bread, and the confectionery, and scaring away most of the inmates, causing a cessation of trade for some hours.

Nine Irishmen are in the custody of the Glasgow police, charged with being concerned in the dynamite outrages which occurred in that city early this year, the blowing-up of a gasometer and the attempt to blow up a gasometer. Two were arrested on Saturday and two on Sunday.

Dr. Hughes, superintendent of the Hamadryad hospital, Cardiff, has received a first-class gold medal of honour from the French Government, in recognition of his devoted services to French seamen who have been brought to that vessel from time to time.

The Earl of Mount-Edgumbe on Tuesday, at the Provincial Grand Lodge of Cornish Freemasons at Plymouth, presented Brother Hughan, for many years secretary, with a handsome gold jewel and a purse containing 250 sovereigns, in recognition of his valuable services to the Order.

An exhibition of flowers and fruit took place yesterday week at the Crystal Palace, among the flowers dahlias occupying the place of honour. The exhibition remained open on Saturday.—The annual benefit of Messrs. Brock, the company's pyrotechnists, took place on Thursday, when there was a display of fireworks and illuminations on an extensive scale.

Admiral Sir A. Hoskins, the successor to the Duke of Edinburgh as Superintendent of Naval Reserves, made his official inspection on Friday and Saturday of the Exmouth training-ship, which is managed for the Metropolitan Asylums Board by a committee, under Admiral Robertson. The inspection was thoroughly satisfactory.

At the meeting of the City of London Union on Tuesday a discussion with regard to the meat supply to workhouses was resumed, and some of the speakers stated that quantities of frozen meat from America and Australia were used in the best houses at the west end of London, as well as in the best hotels and eating-houses. The guardians resolved that American-killed beef and Australian mutton might be supplied.

The work of pulling down the old Chancery Courts in Lincoln's-inn, lately occupied by Vice-Chancellor Bacon, Mr. Justice Fry, and Mr. Justice Pearson, has been begun, and it is expected that the whole of the ground will be cleared by the end of next month. The Chancery Appeal Court close by, which was at one time used as the dining-hall by the students and members of Lincoln's Inn, will not be pulled down.

The Elcho Challenge Shield, won by the Irish rifle team at the late Wimbledon meeting, was conveyed from Dublin to Cork on Tuesday, in charge of a team and deputation from the Dublin Corporation. On their arrival the band of the South Hampshire Regiment played "See, the conquering hero comes." They were received by the Mayor and a number of citizens, and the shield, having been transferred to a Royal Artillery gun-carriage, was escorted by a troop of the Scots Greys, with their band, through the principal thoroughfares to the Cork Exhibition. An enthusiastic reception was there accorded to the Irish team, and they were entertained at luncheon by the executive committee of the exhibition.

Mr. John Unwin appeared to pass his public examination on Thursday week, at the Sheffield Bankruptcy Court. In applying for an adjournment, which was granted, the solicitor for the trustee stated that among the creditors were the subscribers to a fund called the Tara Trust Fund. The bankrupt was a member of the Anglo-Israel Society, which was established to look after the lost ten tribes, and this fund had been subscribed for the purpose of excavating the Tara Mount, County Meath, in Ireland, to recover the deeds that were given to the prophet Jeremiah when he purchased the land of Palestine. The Tara Trust Fund amounted to £227.

The new school built by the London School Board in Latchmere-street, Battersea, was on Monday evening opened by Mr. Thomas E. Hellier, in the presence of a large assemblage. The school has been built at a total cost of £18,900, and is designed to accommodate 1420 children. The board has now built 280 schools, and the accommodation provided for children in London exceeds half a million.

Mr. O. Morgan, speaking at a gathering of Oddfellows on Monday, condemned the legislation which aims at "forcing, bribing, or coaxing" people to be temperate or thrifty. Self-help and mutual reliance were, he thought, in danger of being killed by well-meant interference. Virtues manufactured by the machinery of Parliament would be, probably, superficial and evanescent.

In London last week 2448 births and 1292 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 127 and the deaths 183 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 4 from smallpox, 57 from measles, 40 from scarlet fever, 19 from diphtheria, 27 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 21 from enteric fever, 1 from ill-defined continued fever, 74 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 9 from simple cholera.

The Lord Mayor of London was received on Thursday week in Stornoway by the committee managing the Mansion House and other Funds for the relief of Distress in the Island of Lewis. Replying to a vote of thanks, he said that, having investigated the condition of the crofters, he was convinced that nine tenths of them ought to emigrate, not only to benefit themselves, but to give those who remained a chance of living in decent comfort.

The several suites of apartments at Hampton Court Palace which were damaged by the late fire have been put into complete repair, and are being occupied by the former tenants.—The total number of bunches of grapes on the great vine at Hampton Court this year is 1300, being 130 in excess of the produce last year. The vine was planted in 1768, from a slip off a vine at Valentines, in the parish of Ilford, Essex, and has been known to produce as many as 2200 bunches in one year.

Sir Richard Temple is to be the President of the Social Science Congress to be inaugurated at Huddersfield on Wednesday, Oct. 3; Mr. William Barber, Q.C., taking the place of Sir Richard as President of the Jurisprudence Department. The other departmental presidents remain as previously appointed, viz.:—Education, Mr. Francis Sharp Powell; Health, Mr. T. Pridgin Teale; Economy, Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.P.; and Art, Sir Rupert A. Kettle.

A British Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations has been held in Liverpool, representatives from all parts of the kingdom being present. Mr. Alexander Balfour, president of the Liverpool Association, presided; and, in his opening remarks, said that whilst there were five hundred associations in Great Britain and Ireland, in America and Canada there were some nine hundred more; whilst on the continent of Europe and other parts of the world, there was such an additional number as brought the total up to two thousand five hundred.

After a lapse of many years the custom of a trades procession was revived at Bedworth, Warwickshire, on Monday. The demonstration attracted thousands of visitors from all parts of the country, and was very successful. Local friendly societies, charitable institutions, Royal and illustrious personages were represented, as well as smiths, weavers, printers, potters, &c., working at their trades on decorated cars. A feature of the procession was a number of prettily-dressed children on horseback.

Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., the chairman of the Fisheries Exhibition, is arranging with the members of the United States Commission for the dispatch to this country of an American fishing schooner employed in the mackerel and herring fisheries, in order to exhibit in the centres of our drift-net fisheries the use of an American seine net, which is considered the most effective method of taking this class of fish. The project will be carried out at the expense of the Fisheries Exhibition.

There was a severe gale, chiefly affecting our southern and western coasts, during great part of Saturday and Sunday, involving considerable destruction of property and a lamentable loss of life. A barque from Charleston, which was making her way to Falmouth, became a total wreck within a few miles of Penzance, and the captain and several of her crew were drowned, besides a pilot. Many other shipping casualties are reported, in some instances involving further loss of life. In many parts of the country the crops of cereals, hops, and fruit have suffered seriously.

The Sheffield School Board has made an experiment with the view of encouraging the love and culture of flowers, and especially in regard to window gardening, among the scholars. Five thousand plants were given out to boys and girls in one district to be reared for competition. The exhibition took place in Duchess-road Schools last Saturday, when 2500 plants were brought forward, many in fine condition. The Mayoress of Sheffield presented prizes to over one hundred scholars, and from 15,000 to 20,000 people visited the exhibition during the day. The success will lead to competition in all schools.

OLD CHANCERY-LANE.

The *Standard*, in an article recurring to the old memories of Chancery-lane, inspired by certain changes which are at present being effected, declares that "the demolition of Bootle's houses bids fair to rob Chancery-lane of the last fragment of sentiment still clinging to that extremely practical locality. Romance, except of the 'Jarndyce and Jarndyce' order, it would be hard to associate with a street so abandoned to lawyers, and the uncomfortable remedies of which they are the ministers. Yet at No. 9, Southampton-buildings, which must soon disappear, William Hazlitt lodged, and duly fell in love with his landlord's daughter, the 'Madonna-like' Sarah Walker, whom he celebrates in the 'Liber Amoris,' a wild volume more to the glory of the unappreciative girl than to the credit of her infatuated admirer. But in this building also the man who was at once the weakest of dyspeptics and the finest of critics did some of his best work. The 'Sketches of English Picture Galleries' are worth a hundred dull dialogues with the tailor's daughter; and the 'Dramatic Criticism and Table Talk' will live—it is to be trusted—long after this ridiculous episode in a chequered career has passed into kindly oblivion. Hazlitt is, however, not the only famous name which haunts the pile on which the masons' labourers are at present busy. For in Southampton-buildings Charles Lamb came to live after he moved from Pentonville, and before he took up his quarters in Mitre-court; and here, also, in the house of a relative, Ludlow, the Parliamentary General, was concealed at the Restoration. 'Jacob, the Jew,' is not quite so eminent a personage. But if not a wit himself, he afforded a temporary home to plenty of them, since here, in 1670, he opened the coffee-house which, for a time, was much frequented by Templars who liked to play the man of fashion, and by swashbucklers who could venture out of the neighbouring Alsatia."



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

DRAWN BY THE LATE S. READ.

NEW MANCHESTER ART-GALLERY.

The greatest centre in the world for a large class of manufactures—Manchester—has, till now, certainly remained behind the time as regards art in some important respects. Its wealthy manufacturers and merchants have been, it is true, most liberal purchasers of English pictures, but the works seem to have been acquired solely for private enjoyment; if not, as a mere speculation. Hitherto, the Corporation has taken no direct action to provide an annual exhibition and permanent gallery of fine art worthy of the city; nor to form a collection of industrial art examples, and organise a system for applying the principles of decorative art which those examples illustrate to the local industries. On the Continent the importance of infusing the art element at the provincial centres of manufacture is better appreciated. In France, for instance, works of art are annually purchased by the Government for distribution to the provincial museums. In the absence in this country of such State assistance (which can only be imperfectly replaced by loans from South Kensington), it has become pressing incumbent on provincial Corporations to use their large resources and influence to remedy the deficiency. It is stated that "Manchester goods" are losing ground before foreign competition in European and other markets, where good taste is a requirement as well as cheapness. Yet the best artistic design and colour need form hardly an appreciable addition to the cost of production of manufactures on so vast a scale as those of Manchester.

A new departure has, however, at length been taken by the opening last week of the "First Autumn Exhibition," under charge of the Corporation. A Permanent Gallery of Art is also to be formed—for which purchases and gifts have already been made or received, including "The Minister's Garden," by the late Cecil Lawson, bought by the Corporation, and "The Shadow of Death," by Holman Hunt, bequeathed by the late Mr. Thomas Agnew. This permanent gallery will contain, besides pictures, examples of decorative art appropriate to the local industries. At least £2000 a year is to be devoted by the Corporation to purchases. The sum may seem small for the large objects in view, but the funds and collections will doubtless be greatly augmented by the munificence of the Manchester magnates. Lord Carlingford, the President of the Council on Education, who officiated at the opening of the Exhibition, also promised the loan of suitable collections from South Kensington. An additional building will be required either for the Permanent Gallery or annual exhibition; but this, too, may be supplied, as at Liverpool, by some local Mayer, Brown, or Walker.

The first step in the new movement was taken by the transfer by Act of Parliament last year of the building and

art property of the Royal Manchester Institution to the Corporation. The governors of the institute may, however, nominate one third of the members of the new Art Gallery Committee, the Corporation selecting the remainder. Since the transfer, new galleries have been added to the Institution and the lighting of the whole much improved. The first exhibition inaugurated under the auspices of the Corporation is a very marked improvement on its predecessors under the old management. The average of merit is very high—much higher than in the exhibition at Liverpool, which was also opened last week; the number of works is, however, considerably less. As in provincial exhibitions generally, the great majority of the works have already figured in the Royal Academy or other London exhibitions. These, having been reviewed in our columns, we need not criticise anew. Among the pictures we had not seen are two by Millais and Gérôme. Mr. Millais's half-length of the Bishop of Manchester testifies to the painter's rare powers of observing and rendering, sympathetically, the essential traits of character and expression; but in harmony of colour and completeness of modelling it would hardly sustain comparison with his portrait of Mr. Hook in the last Academy Exhibition. Gérôme's picture represents the story, told by Vasari, of Raphael having been taken secretly by Bramante to study the work of Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which led to his (Raphael's) painting his Isaiah over again. Raphael's figure in the picture is not very successful, but the foreshortened view of the ceiling from the elevated scaffolding on which he stands is skilful and impressive.

Besides, however, examples of Messrs. Millais, Watts, Alma Tadema, Poynter, the President, and, indeed, almost every prominent painter of our school, together with some distinguished foreigners, there is a sprinkling of works of considerable interest by members of the Manchester Academy. Among the leading members—several of whom have made their mark in the metropolis—are Messrs. A. Marsh, Eyre Walker, H. Clarence Waite, Basil Bradley (members of the Royal Water-Colour Society), J. H. E. Partington, R. G. Somerset, I. Anderson-Hague, J. Houghton-Hague, F. W. Jackson, Joseph Knight, E. Bancroft, R. Caldecott, J. Yates-Carrington, W. J. Muckley, and W. Slater. A goodly proportion of these artists have evinced a degree of originality in treatment, especially in landscape, that has led to their being spoken of in London as "The Manchester School." Their works, in their leading characteristics and distinctive merits, resemble, with curious closeness, those of a section of the recent French school of landscape. But the resemblance is, we believe, mainly accidental, not the result of imitation. Like their French congeners, these artists of Manchester evidently go to nature

resolved, first and foremost, to render the aspect of a given scene in its broadest relations of tones, masses, and hues, and in perfect loyalty to the particular effect of sky and time of day selected for representation. The harmony and balance of the picture, as a whole, is not to be sacrificed to unimportant details, and there shall be as little as possible of that studio elaboration of parts by which unity is so often sacrificed, and an air of conventionality almost inevitably imported. Their preoccupation, then, is with the relative values of tones and hues in light and shade, and, naturally, "the values" is becoming as significant an expression with them as *les valeurs* with the French. Painters who adopt these principles are not to be confounded with the French impressionists, who, for the most part, are but sketchers of aggressive audacity, and seek to mask the emptiness of their pretensions under a plausible theory and a specious phrase; and many of whom substitute ugliness of form and crudity of colour for the beauty of both, which should pre-eminently distinguish a sketch, for nature is loveliest in those general features that can only be rendered in a sketch—her generic type, so to speak, is always beautiful; she is only less so in those individual traits that are laboriously reproduced in the finished picture. Nor are the aims of this new school at home and abroad to be mistaken for those of Bastien-Lepage. They do not discard, as he does, the artistic and poetic prerogative of selection; nor do they ignore the pictorial requirements of aerial perspective, for they know that by the physiological laws of binocular vision the eye can distinguish one plane from another, even when the tone and colour of both seem identical.

We are glad to see that the Corporation has printed the nominal roll of the Manchester Academy in the catalogue of its exhibition: for an earnest seems to be thus given that both will work harmoniously together. Similar courtesy is not shown by the Corporation of Liverpool, where a certain coldness, if not antagonism, has long existed between the local art bodies and the Corporation; and local art appears to be in a comparatively depressed condition. But, surely, one of the first duties of the provincial municipal rulers is to encourage and develop local art. In the formation of the Manchester Permanent Art Gallery some errors committed at Liverpool should clearly also be avoided. But this is a topic we have not space adequately to consider at present.

Next week we propose to notice the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition.

T. J. G.

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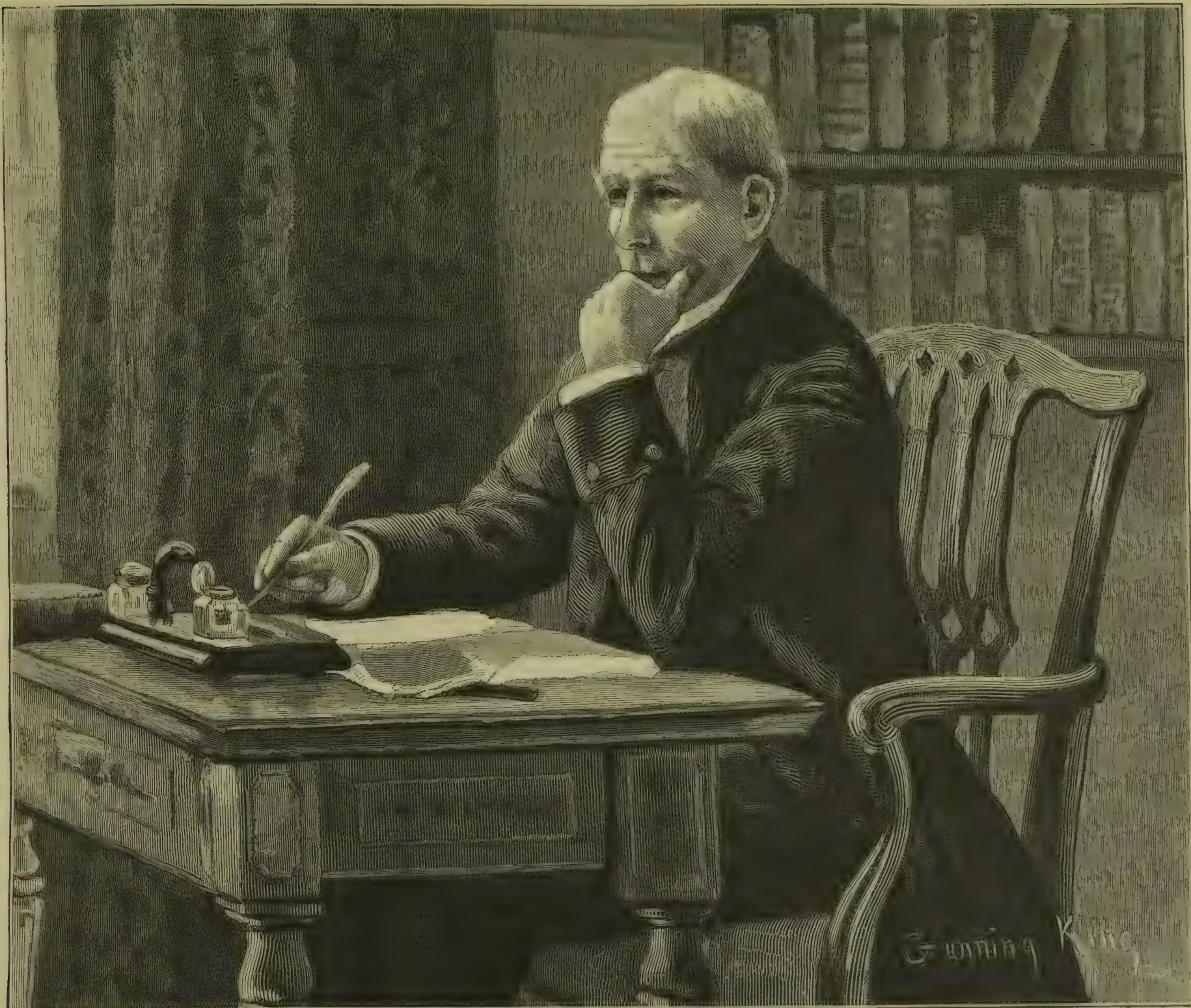
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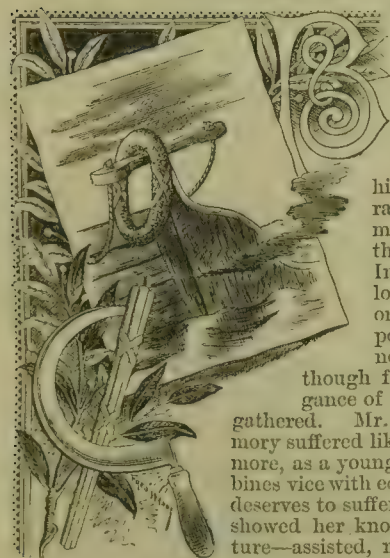
As the Canon sat alone in his college rooms, with his chin in his left hand and a pen in his right, and with large thin notepaper before him, he thinks of these things.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. FREEDOM.



BETWEEN the death-bed and the charnel a battle often arises concerning the departed, like the buzzing of flies over garbage. His virtues are magnified, his vices are exaggerated; he is "made more of" in every way than when he was in life. In the case of a man of loose life, and who has omitted to make himself popular, we can believe nothing of what is said, though from the very extravagance of it some truth may be gathered. Mr. Herbert Perry's memory suffered like the rest, and a little more, as a young gentleman who combines vice with economy, in my opinion, deserves to suffer. Miss Jeannette had showed her knowledge of human nature—assisted, no doubt, by her sensitiveness to the omission of veils to discreet waiting-maids—when she had said that the man, if he had lived to the age of Methuselah, would never have come to any good. Still there is something in youth and beauty cut off in their prime that is deplorable.

In an undergraduate community the circumstance, as is natural, makes a stronger impression than elsewhere. Death then, it is made plain to them, does not confine itself to the aged and the ailing, and not only knocks at the door of old and young alike, but enters most discourteously without knocking. That a man who could fell a bargeman at a blow and pull a boat round against two men should be caught by the leg and drowned by a weed or a river chain (for there were doubts which had done it) seemed amazing. Cambridge preachers, we may be sure,

were in no want of a topic for their next Sunday's discourse. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow"; flesh was grass, and, above all (think of it, young men), thus liable to be cut down while it was yet green. Summoned into the presence of his Creator without a moment's time for repentance for the sins of his youth. As if the Almighty Disposer of all human events should not take that into account, and make allowance for an omission that it is not in human power to remedy!

The regret for the fatal occurrence was, truth to say, much more abstract than particular. Mrs. Aylett shed a genuine tear or two for her handsome lodger, to whose merits his untimely end drew her attention, perhaps for the first time; but shed many more from respect, as it were, to the unities—necessities of dramatic narration. The occurrence was literally meat and drink to her—for it made her a welcome guest in the household of many of her class—and indirectly clothing, since she possessed herself of many unconsidered trifles belonging to the deceased, in the first instance as mementoes, but which, when time began to heal her tender wound, she disposed of to advantage. No doubt Mr. Perry, senior, mourned his son, regretted (very unreasonably) the stiffness of tone of that last letter suggesting Australia to the prodigal, so soon to sail for a much more distant and populous colony, whence no news comes either by post or wire. But if he did mourn, and without hope, his sorrow was mitigated by subsequent circumstances, when his son's bills came in, which they did with somewhat indecorous haste, as is apt to happen when a dead debtor is under age. That the gravest of his emotions were not of a very sentimental character may be gathered from the fact that the young man's furniture and personal effects were not sent home, but disposed of by private contract to a dealer in the town.

Among the young man's own companions, beyond a "poor fellow" or a malediction on the practice of putting chains on rivers (unheard of since Xerxes' time), there were few expressions of real regret. Except as a first-rate oar, the young man had not been popular, and the sense of loss evoked by his death mainly arose from "esprit de corps;" as when Front de Boeuf was slain his friends only remarked, "a giant limb lopped off Prince John's enterprise," so it was generally observed of Herbert Perry, "It will be a great disadvantage to our boat at Putney next year" in connection with the University race.

His funeral, however, was largely attended. Almost all the boating men showed, so far, some respect for their departed chieftain. Mr. Mavors, too, was there, still acting as deputy to the truant Mr. Prater, and the Canon himself, a yet more unwilling mourner. Such ceremonies were hateful to him; but since the young man had been an occasional visitor at the Laurels, and belonged to his own college, so much of respect seemed due to his memory. This was the more to the Canon's credit, because his presence might have been disgracefully attributed to a nearer tie, the name of the dead man having been coupled in some quarters with that of Sophy.

Upon the whole, however, it was agreed that that matter had been at most but a passing flirtation; the Canon spoke of it as such himself, and was much more inclined than Miss Aldred—whose nerves had received a considerable shock—to ignore it. He wished things to go on at home "as if nothing had happened," and thought his sister not only injudicious, but foolishly sentimental, in making so much of it as she did. In this view he was greatly corroborated by the behaviour of Sophy herself; who, though exhibiting becoming seriousness, seemed by no means cast down. Indeed, were it not much more easy to feign melancholy than satisfaction, she might have been placed in a difficult position; for, put the case to herself as she would—and she made some meritorious efforts to feel herself bereaved—it was not to be denied that a crowning mercy had been vouchsafed to her. After having all but made shipwreck of her young life, she found herself in port again, ready to start upon a new voyage, and this time with certain rocks and quicksands very plainly marked out upon her chart. It is shocking to say so, but as a matter of fact it happens probably to one person out of every six to have good cause to rejoice in the death of a fellow-creature. He has done us harm, he will do us more harm, and his demise is not only a material benefit, but release from tyranny and despotism. Why should we not rejoice? Not of course openly, because that would be indecent and offensive, but in our private chamber. It would be horrible, indeed, to feel pleasure in any misfortune happening to him; in his pecuniary ruin, or in the failure of his health or mental faculties, but why should death be a misfortune to him? If, notwithstanding his ill-behaviour to ourselves, he is a tolerably good fellow at bottom (which, however, we don't believe for an instant), why

should we deplore his removal to a higher and better sphere? While, on the other hand, if he is a bad man, who has never lifted finger to help his fellow-creatures with their burdens, but has rather added to their weight, how much better is it that this subtractor of the sum of human happiness should be wiped off the slate. He boasted, with reason, that he had his way here, no matter at what cost to others; why, therefore, should we not congratulate ourselves that a spirit so masterful for evil has gone elsewhere, where he will find his match; or, for aught we care—for we wish him no harm—be appreciated. The cheapest form of charity that has yet been discovered is, no doubt, to speak with approval of a dead scoundrel; but to deplore his death, however decorous it may sound, is an hypocrisy that imposes upon no one.

No; Herbert Perry had under false pretences won from Sophy her first love, had had at his mercy (only to abuse the trust) her fair fame, and had been about to exact from her a sacrifice which he had pledged his word not to claim—and that she should keep his memory green, or mourn over his untimely fate, was a little too much to expect. It pleased the Canon to find that Sophy did not shut herself up and decline to see people. He had thought it not unlikely that, after the manner of her sex, she would have made as much as possible out of what had occurred, and have "posed" as one bereaved and a victim of fate. He thought she took a most sensible view of things, at the same time congratulating himself that his apprehensions respecting her attachment to Mr. Perry had proved groundless. It was now clear to him that there had been nothing serious between the two young people. His sister, who knew better, was not so pleased. Now the "poor young man" was dead she forgot what was detrimental to him, and felt only pity for his sad end. She could have easily forgiven the girl for having indulged in even passionate grief, though it might have caused some domestic inconvenience; she thought her philosophic behaviour a little heartless (while admitting that it was for the best), and was, on the whole, "disappointed" in Sophy.

One thing, however, she did set down to that young lady's credit. Although she had apparently forgotten her old lover with something of undue haste and ease, she exhibited no desire to encourage a new one. After a week or so the Canon had proposed to bring Adair home with him again, for a quiet dinner, and had deputed his sister to sound Sophy as to whether such an arrangement would be agreeable to her, when the girl had positively declined to be present; the reason of her refusal, it was understood, was the association of Adair's last visit with the recent catastrophe: and it was no small satisfaction to Miss Aldred that Sophy had withstood what had been always an attraction to her (i.e., a young man's company) from so sentimental a consideration. Sophy's real reason was that Adair was associated with her humiliation. He had no longer, it is true, any power to harm her; but she did not forget that when he had had the power he had shown a disposition to take undue advantage of it. There had been something in his manner that suggested that she was under his thumb, and this could only have arisen, of course, from a suspicion of her relations with the dead man. She had not forgotten that walk home with him (though it seemed so long ago) from the Canon's rooms, and his allusions to that interview she had been so indiscreet as to give her husband in the "Roundabout" when she was supposed to be at a ball, of which the young scholar had been an accidental witness. While exposure had threatened her from a more serious quarter, Adair's possession of this fact had not loomed so large among her perils; but now that no material harm had come, or could come of it, she confessed to herself how wrong her conduct must have seemed to him. Indeed, in one view, since it was now impossible to clear herself by saying "Herbert Perry was my lawful husband," the incident, so far as Adair was concerned, had a more unfortunate significance than ever.

Nor was a young gentleman so audacious, and so little given to delicacy, likely to give up the hold upon her which chance had given him. As compared with her former case, she was beyond the reach of his malice, but she was not in a position to defy him, and her best chance of keeping on good terms with him, as it seemed to Sophy, was to keep him at a distance. She was not absolutely afraid of him—she was afraid of nothing now—but it would be necessary to be very guarded with him, and to use any artifice to explain away his suspicions; and, to do Sophy justice, she was resolved to have done with artifice. Circumstances—as we are wont to term the consequences of our own folly—had compelled her of late to throw dust in the eyes of those about her; but it was not the amusement to her which it is to some people. What she longed for was to breathe freely in clear air, and it grieved her very much that it was still necessary to play a part with those about her.

With the Canon, as we know, she had succeeded; but with Aunt Maria she had only had a very moderate degree of success; while with Henny Helford she had a secret consciousness that she had made something very like a failure. Henny could not understand the philosophy with which her friend bore the loss of her lover. She had never compared Herbert Perry with her own Frederic, had never even admitted that Sophy was really "wrapped-up" in the young man, or thought of him seriously as a possible husband; but there had certainly been tender passages between the two young people. He had not been "the summer pilot of an empty heart to the shores of nothing," as other young men, Henny had reason to believe, had been before him; and something seemed due to his memory beyond a squeezed-out tear or two and a respiration, which, if it was a sigh at all, sounded like a sigh of relief. Henny could understand that the breaking of Sophy's engagement might, on the whole, be a source of real satisfaction to her, as it undoubtedly was to her friends; but the catastrophe which had caused it might surely have evoked some natural sorrow. It was not, of course, desirable, and could not be expected, that Sophy should put on mourning; but she might have worn for a few weeks, as regarded manner, a decent garb of melancholy. She did so when in company; but when Henny alone was present, she decidedly wore colours. Now and then, indeed, when there was any mention of the dead man's name, she became grave enough (like some conventional mourner at a funeral, who breaks off his story at the chapel door); but, on the whole, Sophy's behaviour—though Henny kept her thoughts upon the subject to herself—not a little scandalised her young friend. What was curious, however, Sophy's health did not improve with her spirits; which caused certain wise and ingenious persons, such as abound everywhere, to observe that it was easy to see that the apparent cheerfulness, which did Miss Gilbert so much credit under the circumstances, was purchased at a high price. It was Jeannette's impression—who, it is needless to say, did not share in this opinion—that her young mistress wanted exercise; and, indeed, it was many days since she had left the house, or extended her walk beyond the garden.

"I am quite sure, Miss," she said—for she always called her "Miss," to Sophy's great content—"that one of your old 'constitutional' would do you a great deal of good."

"I am very well as I am, thank you," she replied; "and I cannot say that I take any pleasure now in walking about Cambridge."

Jeannette smiled a little contemptuously; she knew that the associations to which Sophy alluded were not of a nature to evoke much regret.

"It isn't, Miss, as if you were liable to meet folks," she went on. "I am sure the town looks as if the plague was in it; all the young men are gone down for the long vacation."

"Not all of them," returned Sophy, with quiet significance. "Um—well, of course, you will do as you please, Miss; but the young gentleman can't bite you; and I must say your being so set upon keeping out of his way must look to him very much as if you were afraid of him."

"I am not afraid of him, Jeannette; I'm not the least afraid of him, nor of anyone else, thank Heaven."

"Still, I wouldn't be uncivil to him if I was you, Miss."

"I am not uncivil. What incivility is there in my keeping within doors when I am not inclined to go out? I like my home, and am happy in it; I love the liberty that I had lost and have regained; and I will never again run the risk of losing it—at all events, to the person you have in your mind."

"Oh, lud! Miss, I didn't mean that. One may be reasonably kind to a young man, I hope, without intending to marry him."

"No doubt, but the person in question is, in my opinion, a dangerous one to deal with; if you give him an inch he takes an ell, and any attempt to conciliate him only convinces him that you are in his power. Now, I am not in his power, and never intend to be."

"Very good, Miss. I am sure I hope you never may be."

"May be? How can I be? What do you mean?"

"Nothing, Miss, nothing; only it's never well to be positively certain about anything; and especially as my poor old grandmother used to say, who had seen better days, though she died in the workus, 'Don't boast.'"

CHAPTER XX.

TO A SON IN INDIA.

Notwithstanding that time-honoured quotation concerning a "touch of nature"—always used, by-the-by, in a totally different sense from that intended by him who wrote it—the men and women one meets with are, to judge by their behaviour, by no means enamoured of naturalness. The great majority of them may, indeed, be divided into two classes—the one, generally known as "gushers," who exaggerate their feelings; and the other, the "capsuled," who conceal them. The former, of course, afford the greatest amusement, and therein may claim a debt of gratitude from their fellow-creatures; but the latter, who hold them in particular contempt, are not a whit more sensible, though less ludicrous.

I met a widower the other day truly sorry for his loss, who expressed to me his thankfulness to some Power or another that he had never throughout his recent bereavement given way to "sentiment" even for a moment. "What I was always saying to myself," observed the poor fellow, "when I felt the tears coming, was, 'Now this is sentiment; and that enabled me to suppress them.' I did not reply, as truth would have suggested, 'The more fool you!' But I could not help feeling a contempt mingling with my pity for him. If he had let Nature have her way, and not attempted a rôle entirely unfitted for him (that of the North American Indian), he would have borne his misfortunes far more easily."

Even those soldiers who (in the good old time), being cut to pieces by the cat-o'-nine tails, made it a point of honour not to cry out, had a bit of leather in their mouths to chew; and whenever there is repression there is leather, or something equally unwholesome. It is, indeed, contemptible and unmanly to whine and howl about one's private calamities before the crowd; but if one is so fortunate as to possess a loving friend, to close one's heart against his sympathy in time of trouble is an act of weakness, none the less foolish because we flatter ourselves it is a proof of strength and wisdom. To a very few men stoicism is as natural as silence to a rat in a trap, but the majority of our Stoics are merely capsuled. They are not, of course, Gushers, effervescent, without moral restraint or expression; or being thus unnaturally checked, they would burst like a champagne bottle unrelieved of its "tisanne"; but they have their fair share of human emotion, and conceal it from mistaken ideas of what is becoming. This was the case with Canon Aldred. He loved his sister, had an affectionate regard for his ward, and entertained the kindest feelings (which were duly reciprocated) for troops of friends; but his heart was with his boy in India, and of him he rarely spoke to anyone. To have manifested, even to his nearest and dearest (save one), his devotion to his only son would have seemed to him a weakness. He deemed paternal love, "like Faith and Prayers, the privatest of men's affairs," and had scarcely exhibited it even to its object while it was still with him. But now his Robert was so many hundred miles away, in a dangerous climate, and bound to be there so long, he could no longer afford to conceal his affection from him. There were too many chances on both sides against their ever meeting with one another in this world to admit of reticence; and he was not so positively certain, perhaps, as a divine should be of their meeting in the next. At all events, should Heaven grant that precious boon, it would be strange and sad indeed if it should be necessary to inform him then for the first time how much he had loved him—a thing that will have to be done, perchance, by a good many undemonstrative persons.

As the Canon sat alone in his college rooms, with his chin in his left hand and a pen in his right, and with that large thin notepaper before him, on which we send our winged thoughts afar, he thinks of these things. A poem of a modern but well-nigh forgotten writer steals into his mind, dealing with matters after death, when the soul is as a hand withdrawing from a glove, and he who speaks is dead and mourned, or mis-mourned, by those he has left behind him.

Dear hearts, they have all come,
And think me dead—me, who so know I'm living,
The vital creature in this fleshly room.
That was my darling boy's—that kiss.

And at those words this man of reticence and philosophic calm, conceiving to himself his Robert's last adieu, let fall some tears; for, amazing as it may seem, though of mature years and a Canon, he was a person of the liveliest imagination.

By his side were two letters, to which (as though he had not known every word of them by heart) he more than once referred as he wrote on. They were the only ones he had received from his son since his departure, and dear to him as that sacred memento from dead Milton's head: bright, chatty impressions of a first acquaintance with a strange land. What was a marvel, indeed, considering that they came from India, there were no complaints in them. When things were not rose colour, they afforded an opportunity, not for grumbling, but for a sly touch of humour. From these graphic touches you might have guessed the writer's character, to which knowledge you were, moreover, assisted by a portrait done by a native artist. If not very successful as a work of art, it served to recall every lineament to the father's eye; while just so much of novelty was added by the attire, suitable to the climate, as gave piquancy to the likeness. "So this is my

Indian Robert, is it?" was the Canon's remark, murmured with the coo of a pigeon, followed by a secret reflection that the boy looked even a finer fellow abroad than he had looked at home.

The picture, indeed, represented as wholesome, hearty a young fellow as parent's eye could wish to look upon; a bigger, broader figure than the Canon; with keener eyes and a more resolute mouth, but with something of his father's kindness in the expression, which became his young face well. Brown speaking eyes, brown curling hair, and cheeks already embrowned by the Eastern sun, the whole set off by very light-coloured apparel, gave an expression of acclimatisation that augured well for his physical health; while, on the other hand, that there was no alien change in his disposition was clear from the tone of his letters. Though lively, they were singularly simple, and breathed a filial affection so tender that they might very well have been addressed to a mother instead of a father. He spoke of his expenses, his pursuits, his amusements, and even his love affairs, with the greatest frankness. "Pray tell Aunt Maria," he wrote, "that she is quite right about the percentage of sunstrokes; out of every ten Europeans about nine fall victims to it; in the native tongue it is termed brandy pawnee. Sophy, too, has proved only too true a prophetess as regards the other calamity. Her name is Alma Treherne, the daughter of a fire-eating Colonel. He has a good Government appointment, so that she is altogether out of my reach; but she leans down from the heavens and smiles upon me a little. She is faultless, save in one respect, which time will remedy: she is but seventeen. I need not tell you, alas! not to take this communication too seriously. It is, I know, but a dream; but you used to say that at my time of life there is no harm in dreaming. To-morrow I start for the Hills, a thousand miles away. When I come back she will doubtless, as Præd sings, be 'Mrs. Something Rogers.' Yet I don't think that 'in my heart's most secret cell there will have been any other lodgers.' There—I hear you saying, 'What nonsense!' as you fix your glasses more tightly on your dear nose; but you know, father, it was agreed between us that we should tell each other everything."

The Canon did not say "What nonsense," and took his glasses off his nose to wipe them with his handkerchief. He was not angry with Miss Alma Treherne; far from it; he thought her a young lady of good taste to have been captivated (so he translated Robert's statement of the circumstance) with his darling boy; and only grudged her her opportunities. What would he not have given, what would he not give now, for one clasp of the hand of his absent son. There was much more of narrative and chit chat, but the *pièce de résistance* of his epistolary fare (though it did not appear there had been much resistance) was that allusion to the young lady. The Canon proceeded to answer his son's letter with reciprocal warmth and frankness.

Oh pen, beyond all magic of wing, that can waft love and gentleness to the ends of the earth, and grave our thoughts at home upon hearts ten thousand miles away! It is the nearest approach, this letter writing, that has yet been discovered to that much-desiderated attribute of being in two places at once. While the Canon wrote his home news, his eyes were in India watching that sunburnt young fellow reading it: and when the other should come to read it, his leal young heart would have fled home to the kind scribe. It was a long epistle, which was, of itself, a proof of the Canon's affection, for he was a man who rarely spoke or wrote at length; what he had to say he expressed concisely, though often humorously, and never paid his hearers the bad compliment of taking them for a common jury. It will be sufficient for our purpose to quote a sentence or two.

"What you say about Miss Treherne, my dear boy, I need scarcely tell you, especially interested me. It is a dream (as you yourself admit) from which you will waken not one whit the worse. It is as natural for a young man to turn his thoughts in honour to a fair woman as for a flower to turn to the sun: and perhaps the earlier the better. Even if nothing comes of it (as is likely to happen in this case), his heart is the better and the wiser for such an experience. If he has a good heart to begin with, he will wish her well and not ill, though circumstances may award her to another. From what you tell me of the fire-eating Colonel, I should doubt your taking to him as a father-in-law, while I am afraid (which is of more consequence) that your prospects would hardly recommend you as a suitor for his daughter's hand. I am a very selfish ease-loving old fellow, you know, and have not much to spare you. Though I will do my best when the time comes, I cannot promise any great increase of your allowance. One must look ahead in these things; and remember that two young people in the bonds of matrimony, if I may borrow the language of the Board of Directors of my Insurance Company, 'have power to add to their number.' My policy will be of no use to you, but rather the reverse, till after my death; and, as you know, what I have is chiefly income, which the necessity of my position compels me to spend pretty freely. That you will make your own way in the path you have chosen I feel well convinced; but your shoulders must be free at starting. Travels with a knapsack must be made *en garçon*. You will not think me cruel, dear boy; but deem me rather only 'cruel to be kind,' in these words of warning. In all things you will have my sympathy, my confidence, and my help as far as it can be stretched. Oh, feeble are these words to express the love I bear you. If fate were kinder, how eagerly would I say, 'Come home, my Robert, and bring your Alma with you.'"

"The cup of life in this respect, as in so many others, is dealt to us in different measures. In Sophy's case, for example, if only she could find a suitable match (I thought of one at one time, you remember, but you differed from me), I should like to see her settled in life as soon as maybe. There has been already a little something—one can hardly call it an attachment—between her and a young gentleman at this college, which has been broken off in a very sad and sudden manner by his untimely death. It is clear to me, from the dear girl's behaviour, that it never had any real root, which is, so far, a source of satisfaction both to your aunt and myself. But I am not easy in my mind about her, and should be greatly pleased to be quit of my responsibilities, could it be done with happiness to herself. There is a young man here who has greatly taken my fancy. He has neither birth nor fortune to recommend him; as to the former, indeed, I doubt whether he is even legitimate, which in a woman's eyes is a sad blot (they never can understand till it is too late the immense advantage of having no connections by marriage); but as to the latter, I am much mistaken if his brains, which are abundant and of the practical sort, do not soon supply him with income. There would, of course, be many objections to such a match; but the fact is I was put (unreasonably as it turns out) in such a state of trepidation concerning the other young gentleman (now in Paradise), that I am still tremulous about the choice Sophy may make when she comes to be her own mistress, and would rather see her mated with a man in whom I have confidence, though otherwise not very eligible, than trust to her own judgment. However, nothing happens but the unexpected, and Sophy may choose the counterpart of yourself, and thereby console me for your coldness towards her. I am

sorry to say that the dear girl's health, though she is in excellent spirits, gives us some cause for uneasiness.

"Dr. Newton ascribes it to a life of idleness without an object, and says nothing would be so good for her as to marry some steady stay-at-home young fellow, to whom (think of that, Master Robert) he predicts she would prove the best of wives.

"You will be glad to hear (since all that pleases me pleases you, I know) that the Concordance goes on bravely. I find Mr. Adair (the young man I have alluded to) quite invaluable as an assistant, and the more so since his tastes are mathematical and his appreciation of the bard not so intense as to carry him off his feet. He will rise in life (or I'm a Dutchman); but it will not be to the Emyrean; as the American gentleman replied to his friend when he said it was 'fine overhead.' 'There are, however, very few people going that way.' 'But I can now no more; the Parting Sun beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles Hesperian sets.' In other words, the bell is going for evening chapel. Adieu, dear boy. 'Be strong, live happy, and love. But, first of all, Him Whom to love is to obey; and keep His great command.'"

A characteristic epistle enough; full of tenderness and of that sort of humour which is the disinfectant of coarseness, and concluding with a quotation from his poetic idol.

(To be continued.)

A COLLISION AT SEA.

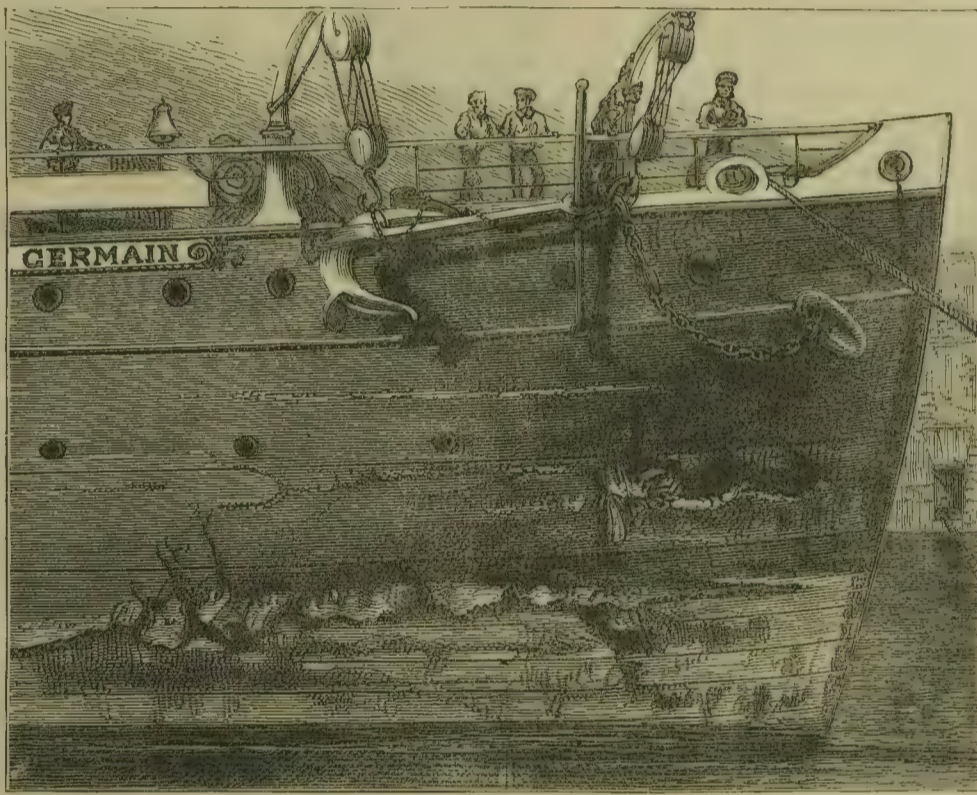
The disaster which occurred to two steam-ships off Ushant, on Saturday, the 25th ult., when the French Transatlantic mail-steamer, *St. Germain*, from Havre, came into collision with the Newcastle steamer *Woodburn*, in tow of a steam-tug, on her way from Lisbon to London, was mentioned in our last. The *Woodburn* was sunk, drowning seventeen of her crew and officers, with the Captain, besides a passenger on his way from Lisbon; eleven of the officers and crew were saved. This unfortunate vessel had come from Madras with a general cargo. She had been disabled in a gale during the voyage, and had put into Lisbon for temporary repairs. These having been effected, the owners of the vessel, Messrs. M'Intyre, of Newcastle, sent out to Lisbon, for the purpose of bringing her home, the tug *Recovery*, of 150-horse power. The *Woodburn* was taken in tow by the tug on the 18th ult., and left on that day for London. The tug and the *Woodburn* had arrived within forty-five miles of Plymouth, and were about sixty-five miles from Ushant when the collision occurred. The night was fine and starlight, with a clear sky and calm sea. The *St. Germain*, which had on board a crew of 122, all told, and 462 passengers, and was on her way from Havre to New York, ran into the *Woodburn*, striking her on the starboard quarter with such force that she began to settle down immediately, and sank within three minutes of being struck. There was no opportunity of lowering the boats. The men had no sooner recovered from the effects of the shock than they were struggling in the water, and many were sucked down in the vortex of the sinking ship, or got entangled in the wreckage. Of the twenty-eight on board the *Woodburn*, only eleven succeeded in keeping afloat by swimming or clinging to spars until picked up by the *Recovery*. The *St. Germain*, as a result of the collision, sustained very considerable damage, her bows being completely stove in and her fore compartment filled with water to such an extent as to bring her deeper down by the head. Indeed, her condition was such that it was deemed expedient to transfer the greater number of her passengers on board the *Recovery*. Owing to the calmness of the weather this was easily and quickly accomplished. The two vessels lay side by side, and the passengers, many of whom had to be aroused from their beds, walked from the mail-boat to the tug. The *Recovery* arrived at Plymouth between three and four on Sunday afternoon. The *St. Germain* arrived about the same time as the *Recovery* and afterwards went into harbour to undergo repairs at the dockyard. On Monday morning the troop-ship *Himalaya* was undocked at Devonport to allow the *St. Germain* to be placed in the dry dock for the purpose of receiving temporary repairs to fit her for a voyage to a French port, there to make good the damage she sustained. The force of the collision is shown by the fact that a piece of ironwork weighing two tons, which was part of the *Woodburn*, was taken out of the hole on the port side of the *St. Germain*. A smaller portion of wreckage, part of the lower deck of the *Woodburn*, was subsequently taken out of the second hole on the port bow. The French Transatlantic steam-ship *Amerique* sailed for New York last Saturday, taking out the passengers and cargo of the *St. Germain*.

THE MORNING POST.

It is not the more or less fashionable and popular London daily paper of this name, but the daily delivery of private letters, by an agent of her Majesty's Government, to their proper recipients at a seaside village, that our Artist has chosen to commemorate in this pleasant drawing, which represents a young lady seated on the top of a flight of steps, perusing her own particular "News from Town." The post-man is seen walking off in the field behind, and we suspect that he did not get so far as the house-door before he was intercepted by this young lady, who rises earlier than the rest of her family, and professes to like a walk before breakfast, having also taken a light basket with her, volunteering to fetch shrimps, or fruit, or fresh eggs, for the general repast. She was desirous, for reasons best known to herself, of securing an expected letter which she did not wish to discuss with her parents or her brothers and sisters; and this is why she has contrived to be the first person stirring in the household, and to slip out at half-past seven, just when the servant-maid comes down to light the kitchen fire. We wonder how many letters from the same correspondent she gets in a week, or in a month, and where she betakes herself to write her own letters in reply, and how she manages to run off and put them into the village post-office. As to the contents of such letters, on both sides, every one of our female readers will be sure that she knows them all by heart.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

The erection of the new house for the accommodation of the serpents, alligators, and other reptiles, which is shown in our Illustration, must be commended as a valuable improvement of the Zoological Society's establishment in Regent's Park. This building, which has a rather stately aspect and is of imposing dimensions, constructed of brick and terra-cotta, with a roof of glass and iron, stands close to the south gate of the Gardens, entered from the Broad Walk of the Park. The visitor, on entering by that gate, should turn immediately to the left hand, along the narrow path beside the aviary of the Chinese golden pheasants, and will presently come to the Reptile House, which is too much concealed from view by some of the sheds for the deer. The spacious interior, represented in our View, is one of the most agreeable places in the whole precinct of these Gardens, being well aired and lighted, very nicely paved, and tastefully decorated in pale colour, with some fine tropical plants in tubs on the floor, or in the windows, and in baskets hanging from the roof. Three oval basins, with substantial margins of concrete, so formed as to prevent the reptiles crawling over them, while one basin is further protected by an iron grating, contain water in which the alligators, the infant crocodiles, and a number of tortoises, but none of the larger species, make themselves quite at home. One side of the house, with its windows looking into a pleasant airy vestibule, is occupied by many small glass cases for the smaller lizards, with boxes and pots of flowers set between them upon tables, which present a very attractive exhibition. The other three sides of the hall, which is nearly square, are entirely devoted to the large wall-cages, with fronts of stout plate glass, in single sheets, rising about 14 ft. to the roof, in which the serpents are confined; the huge pythons, anaconda, and boa constrictor, the poisonous cobras and rattlesnakes, and



DAMAGED HULL OF THE SAINT GERMAIN.

others well known to the visitors at these Gardens. Each cage or compartment has a sliding door of iron behind, to which the keeper has access in a passage running along the back of the wall, and there are doors also from one compartment to another. The floor is of smooth slate, and the largest snake has ample space to uncoil itself, or to climb up the trunks and branches of trees placed there for its exercise and amusement.

We present, on the same page, a few sketches of the *Babiroussa*, a male and two females, with a young one, recently presented to the Society by Dr. F. H. Bauer. These animals, which are from Celebes, in the Malay Archipelago, have been placed temporarily in different stalls of the ostrich-house, on the north side of the gardens. The *Babiroussa* is a species of wild hog, peculiar to the islands of Eastern Asia, and remarkable, in the male animal, for the extraordinary growth and direction of the canine teeth. The upper pair of canine teeth, growing out through the upper jaw, curve backwards and upwards on the forehead, having somewhat the aspect of horns; while the lower canine teeth form a pair of crooked tusks in the under jaw. These teeth may be useful for defensive fighting, as a guard to the head, but could not serve for attack. The skull of a *babiroussa*, with the teeth fully developed, is in the possession of Mr. Bartlett, the able Superintendent of the Zoological Society's collection.

A joint committee of the Corporations of Newcastle and Gateshead have resolved to recommend their respective authorities to build a new bridge across the Tyne, by the side of the existing high-level bridge, at a cost of £250,000, Newcastle to pay two thirds, and Gateshead the remaining third.

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INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

Our Illustrations this week display various articles of fishing gear shown in the department of British Sea Fisheries. Figure 1 represents a group of lobster-pots and crab-pots. There are innumerable contrivances in use for catching these animals. Sometimes they are circular wicker baskets; in other instances, nets extended by laths of wood or rods; and latterly, sheet-zinc and galvanised iron wire have been much used in their construction. But, whatever form be adopted in any locality, the object sought to be obtained is always the same; it is to place a tempting bait in a species of cage, which the roving lobster or crab can see from the outside; the cage having one or more apertures through which the animal can enter, but so arranged that when inside its escape is prevented. These traps are laid at the bottom of the sea, generally on rocky bottoms, along the coast.

Figures 2 and 3 represent the method in ordinary use for catching sprats, and with some modification, and on a smaller scale, for taking whitebait. The plan adopted is called stow-boat fishing. The net used in this case is a bag or pocket net, which, when set and in use, forms a long funnel about 150 feet in length, with a square opening or mouth 30 feet wide, and nearly of the same height. The bottom part of the net, at the mouth, is extended by a beam or "balk" of the same width as the opening. Another beam, of the same dimensions, extends along the upper part. From a sheave beside the stem of the vessel a strong rope or chain is secured to the centre of the lower beam, passing through a ring fixed in the centre of the upper beam; this tackle is for lowering and raising the mouth of the net. The vessel, when about to take the fish, is brought to anchor; and, when securely "brought up," the net is lowered below the bottom of the vessel; the lower beam is then let go, and the tide runs freely through the open mouth. To keep this steady and at a right angle with the run of the tide, four ropes

are so placed that they lead from the extremities of the beams to the vessel's anchor. The net being properly set, the vessel remains in that position during the whole run of the tide. As it is well known where the fish abound, the takes are generally good; sometimes enormous. The net is lifted by hauling upon the chain or rope secured to the lower beam; this brings the two beams together and closes the mouth of the nets, the bulk of the fish being congregated in the after end. This causes that part of the net to rise to the surface of the water, astern of the boat, and affords a fine opportunity for the birds to help themselves to their share of the catch. Birds are always numerous when shoals of sprats are on the move.

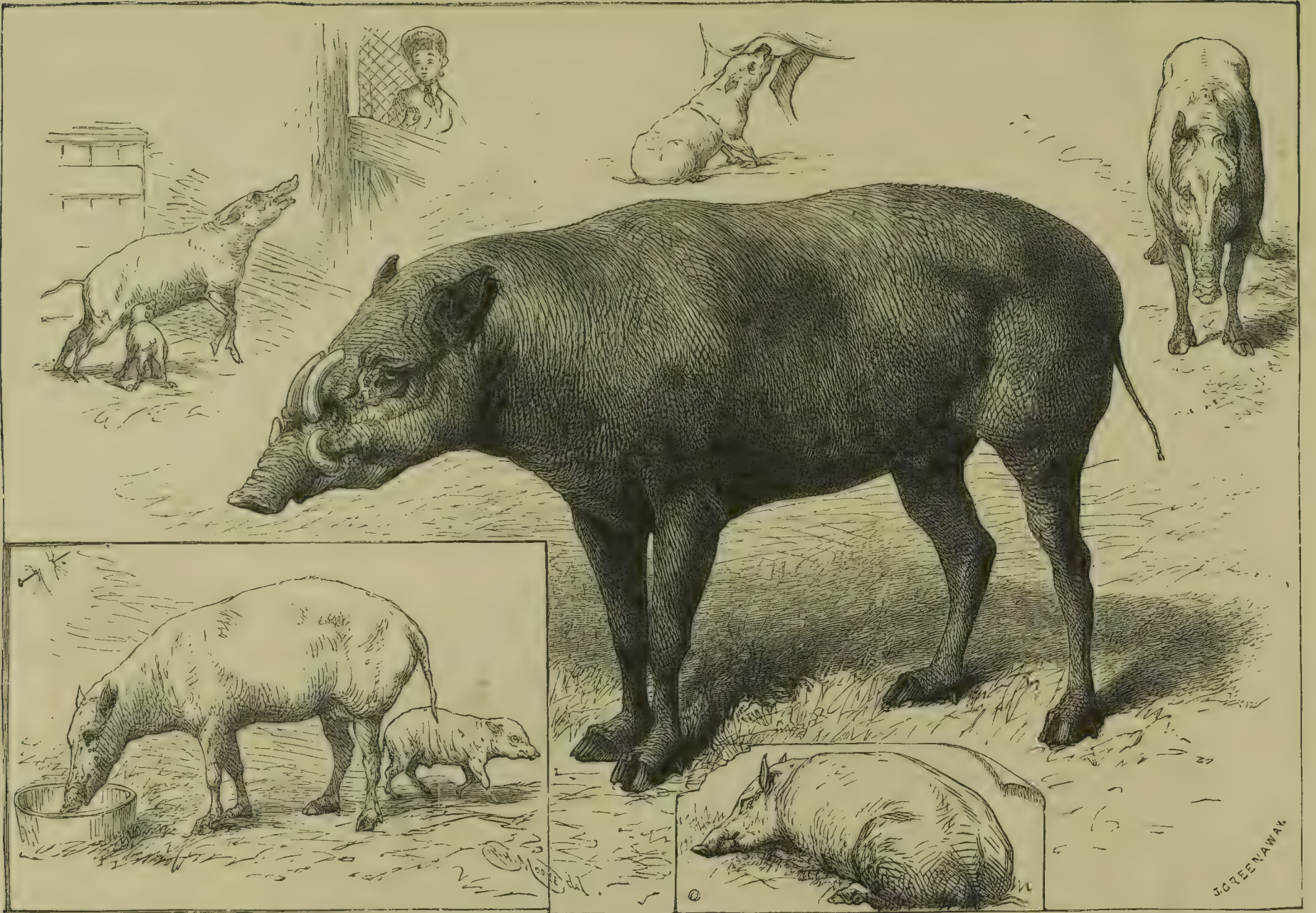
Figure 4 shows the invention of Mr. J. W. De Caux, of Great Yarmouth. It is a trawl-beam carriage, having two wheels, a large one and a small one, attached to the trawl heads, the frames of which are modified for the purpose. The object of this invention is to allow the heavy trawl beam to pass more easily over the bottom upon which it is working. But it is possible that the continual passing of these wheels over the fishing ground may have an injurious effect. However, it is one of those inventions of the effect and usefulness of which we require more knowledge and experience than we at present possess to enable us to form an opinion as to its value.

Figures 5, 6, 7, and 9 represent various articles of fishing gear. Figure 7 is a cod-hook, the full size; Figure 9 is a fisherman's creeper, used for recovering lines, nets, and ropes which have broken adrift. The particular specimen here represented is one hundred years old, and was much used on the Devonshire and Cornish coasts by smugglers for recovering contraband casks and bales, which they were obliged to hide occasionally under water.

Figures 8 and 10 show the trawl gear, beam, heads, and net. Trawling should now be understood by our readers, as the trawl-net, its construction and use, were minutely described in our pages on several occasions. But there is still a very important question to be settled, in regard to the use of this apparatus, and the Judges at the Fisheries Exhibition will no doubt pay special attention to it. Besides the effect which the trawling apparatus has on the bed of the fishing ground, there is the destruction of immature fish, which are taken up by it and destroyed by being crushed in the cod-end, or tapered part of the net. There can be no doubt that a large quantity of small fish, of the better kind, are being continually destroyed in this way. In order to remedy this evil, there are several very ingenious contrivances for improving the form of the cod-end of the trawl-net exhibited in the Fisheries Exhibition. First, there is the plan invented and patented by Mr. G. Read, of Deal, Fig. 10 among our Illustrations. The method adopted in this case is to attach to the extremity of the trawl-net a circular flue or passage of a given length, covered with a net, having large square meshes, and extended by several hoops of wood. The drag on the tapered end of the ordinary trawl-net causes the meshes to lose their width of opening, and become diamond-shaped, and eventually close up altogether; the immature fish must therefore be destroyed by the pressure of other fish and of the dross, to which they are exposed. Mr. Read's circular-flue net, with its large square meshes, being the terminus of the end of the trawl-net, allows the immature fish to avoid the crush behind, and get into it, from which they at once escape through its wide meshes, these being always open and retaining their shape, however great is the drag on the net. It also affords special facilities for discharging the take of fish on to the deck of the vessel, while the trawl beam is alongside. Figure 8 shows another method of effecting the same object. It is the invention of Mr. G. W. Morris, of Lowestoft. In this there is a flue-net extended by circular wooden hoops, as in Mr. Read's net; but, instead of the enlarged net with square meshes, Mr. Morris used metal rings linked together, and so forming a metallic net. The inventor considers that the chance for the immature fish to escape is greater through metal rings than by any description of net made of twine. Mr. G. G. Schrieber of Lowestoft also exhibits an invention for preserving the immature fish; he uses an elastic material, which forms openings through which the small fish escape.

An examination for eighteen clerkships of the Upper Grade of the Civil Service will take place in October.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.



THE BABIROUSSA FAMILY.



THE NEW REPTILE HOUSE.



OBITUARY.

THE VISCOUNTESS HOLMESDALE.

Julia, Viscountess Holmesdale, wife of William Archer, Viscount Holmesdale and Baron Amherst, died at Linton Park, near Maidstone, on the 1st inst., in her thirty-ninth year. Her Ladyship was the last surviving child of James, fifth Earl Cornwallis (with whom that well-known title became extinct in 1852), and inherited a very large fortune, including the beautiful estate of Linton Park. Her marriage took place in 1862, but there is no issue of it. Her husband, the eldest son of Earl Amherst, was summoned to the House of Lords in his father's barony in 1880.

THE LADY DORMER.

Leonie, Baroness Dormer, wife of John Baptiste Joseph, present Lord Dormer, died on the 1st inst., aged forty-one. Her Ladyship was daughter of Monsieur Fortamps, Senator of Belgium, and was twice married. Her first husband was the late Comte Alfred de Beuren; her second, Lord Dormer, by whom she leaves no issue.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SHUTTLEWORTH.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Ughtred Shuttleworth, of Dunannie, Petersfield, Hants, J.P., late 68th Light Infantry, died on the 27th ult., aged fifty-nine. He served through the Crimean War, taking part in the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and at the siege and fall of Sebastopol; and was in the New Zealand campaign of 1864-6, which included the attack on Gate Pah, and the engagement at Te Ranga. Colonel Shuttleworth had four clasps for the Crimea, the fifth class of the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal.

MR. TRELAWNY, OF COLDRINICK.

Mr. Charles Trelawny, of Coldrinick, Cornwall, died on the 25th ult., aged eighty-four. He was eldest son of Captain Edward Stephens, R.A., who assumed the surname of Trelawny on succeeding to Coldrinick, and he received his education at Winchester, and at Oriel College, Oxford. From an early period he devoted himself to the hunting-field and the turf; and was for many years—from 1842 to 1874—Master of the Hounds. On his retirement, he was presented by the hunt with a testimonial of affection and respect, and with an admiral portrait of himself by Sir Francis Grant. Mr. Trelawny served as High Sheriff of Cornwall in 1822. The Coldrinick branch of the ancient house of Trelawny, of Trelawny, in Cornwall, was established, temp. James I., by Edward, the second son of Sir Jonathan Trelawny, M.P., by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Sir Henry Killigrew.

MR. RAWDON BROWN.

Mr. Rawdon Brown, editor of "The Calendar of Venetian State Papers," died at Venice on the 25th ult. He first acquired distinction by his work, "Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.," and, in 1862, was selected to calendar the State Papers and Manuscripts relating to English Affairs preserved in the archives of Venice and Northern Italy. Five volumes appeared by the end of 1878, and two parts of the sixth have since been published. The third part of the latter volume, which brings the date down to 1558, is nearly ready.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dr. Henry John Hagles Bond, formerly Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge, aged eighty-one.

Admiral Robert Patton, at Fareham, on the 30th ult. He was midshipman in the Bellerophon at the battle of Trafalgar. He was born in 1791, the son of Captain Charles Patton, R.N.

Mr. George Napier, advocate, Sheriff of Peeblesshire, in Edinburgh, on the 29th ult., in his eighty-first year. He was called to the Bar in 1823, and appointed Sheriff in 1840 by virtue of Act of Parliament.

Captain George Henry Ker Bower, R.N., C.B., Knight of the Legion of Honour, late captain of the Royal yacht Osborne, on the 25th ult. He was born in 1817, entered the Navy in 1828, and served in the Black Sea during the Crimean War.

The wife of Mr. H. C. Crum-Ewing, Lord Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, and formerly member for Paisley, on the 27th ult., at Ardincaple Castle, Helensburgh, in the ninety-third year of her age.

The Hon. Lady Seymour (Gertrude), widow of the Right Hon. Sir George Hamilton Seymour, G.C.B., daughter of Henry, twenty-first Lord Dacre, and sister of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brand, the Speaker. She was married, July 21, 1831, and leaves issue.

The Rev. Thomas Griffith, who was for forty-two years minister of Ram's Episcopal Chapel, Homerton, and was a Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral from 1862 till 1880, aged eighty-six years. The deceased gentleman was well known as a staunch supporter of Evangelical principles.

The Hon. Lady Nugent (Maria Charlotte), wife of Sir George Edmund Nugent, Bart., of Waddesdon, and last surviving daughter and coheir of the late Nicholas William Ridley Colborne, Lord Colborne. She was born in 1810, and married in 1830. Her surviving issue consists of one son and three daughters.

The Rev. Sydney Gedge, M.A., formerly Incumbent of All Saints', Northampton, and previously Second Master in King Edward's School, Birmingham, on the 29th ult., aged eighty-one. He was a leading member of the Evangelical party in the Church of England and honorary life governor of the Church Missionary Society.

In the account, last week, of the articles represented by our Sketches at the International Fisheries Exhibition, it was erroneously stated that Lady Brassey had contributed to the Boat Gallery the elaborately carved figure-head of a grand canoe which belonged to the natives of Queen Charlotte's Sound in 1774, and in which the chiefs of the tribe came to meet Captain Cook when his ship, the Resolution, lay in that harbour on his second voyage of discovery. We find, however, that this article was not contributed by Lady Brassey, but by Mr. F. A. Burt, of 56, Grosvenor-road, Westminster, whose name is given in the official catalogue. We may add that, as some American collectors were in treaty for its purchase, Captain Mowlem, of Wellington, New Zealand, who presented it to Mr. Burt, may be said to have been fortunate in securing to his friends in England the possession of this interesting object.

The operations for erecting the large clock outside the tower at the New Royal Courts of Justice opposite Temple Bar have been commenced. The present fittings and dial, which have been up for some months past, will be entirely removed and replaced by new ones. The dial, which measures 8 ft. 6 in. in diameter, will be composed of opal glass, which will show white by day and will be plainly visible at night. The hands will be black, as will also be the figures and minutes, while the rings and mouldings will be gilt. The clock will be illuminated by gas for the present, but it is expected that eventually the electric light will be used. It will be worked with the Remontoir escapement, by which the long hands will move once every minute. The hours will be struck on a 3½-ton bell, the quarters being given by smaller bells. The task of erecting the machinery has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Gillett and Co., of Croydon.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

W F (Stuttgart).—The verses are very neat, and the end-game good. We shall find space for them at an early date.

T W (Newbury).—A copy of Mr. Cook's "Synopsis of the Chess Openings" may be obtained, upon application, to Mr. Henry Wilkinson, Albany Chambers, Birmingham.

S I (Stepney).—The problem is marked for insertion, and will shortly be published.

W T A (Liverpool).—We note the corrected version of your problem, and it shall be examined.

Mac (Ealing).—We have not space for all the simple variations of the solution of a problem.

MIRON and PHANIA.—Many thanks for the copies of the Grafton Gazette. We shall take an early opportunity of directing attention to the poem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2055 received from J A B, L Mabilis (Corfu), and H Stebbing; of No. 2056 from R W (Canterbury), J A B, Plevna (Boulogne), Smutski, H Stebbing, E L G, Gyp, Donald Mackay, and R H Brooks.

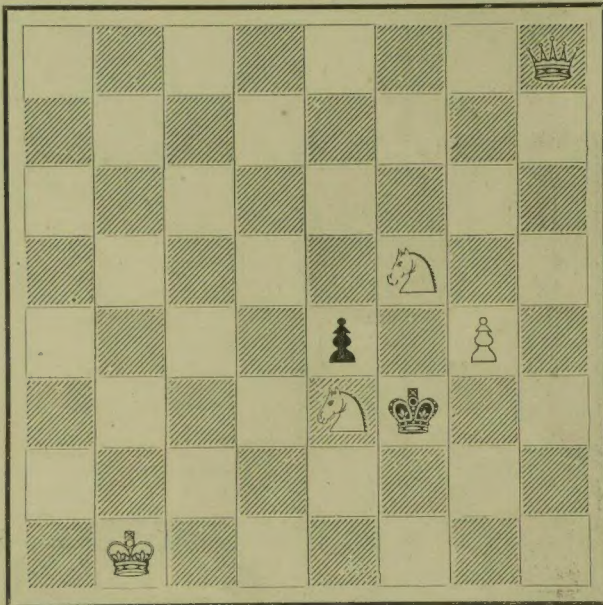
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2057 received from R H Brooks, Joseph Ainsworth, S Bullen, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, S Lowndes, D W Kell, An Old Hand, H H Noyes, L L Greenaway, Harry Springthorpe, Otto Fuider (Ghent), R T Kesp, Jupiter Junior, H Reeve, W J, Rudman, M O'Halloran, G W Law, James Pilkington, R J Vines, P Ferris, W Hillier, H K Awdry, E Casella (Paris), L Falcon (Antwerp), C S Cox, M Tipping, N S Harris, T Greenbank, H Wardell, C Darnagh, Ben Nevie, E Elsbury, G S Oldfield, G Fosbrooke, A Scrutton, Nerina, A M Porter, Aaron Harper, E L G, Alpha, and Donald Mackay.

NOTE.—Correspondents who have sent proposed solutions commencing 1. R to Q 4th are requested to re-examine the position. The problem cannot be solved by that line of attack.

PROBLEM No. 2059.

By W. JENSEN (Copenhagen).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A smart Skirmish between Mr. A. MARRIOTT, of Nottingham, and another Amateur.

(Danish Gambit.)

| WHITE (Mr. M.) | BLACK (Mr. J.) | WHITE (Mr. M.) | BLACK (Mr. J.) |
|------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|--|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 13. Kt to K 5th | Q R to K sq |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 14. Q Kt to Kt 5th | B to Q sq |
| 3. P to Q B 3rd | P takes P | 15. R takes Kt | |
| 4. B to Q B 4th | Kt to Q B 3rd | | Very neat and effective also. |
| 5. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Q 3rd | 15. Q takes Kt | |
| 6. Castles | B to K 3rd | | Of course he cannot take the R with P because of the mate that follows by 16. Kt takes Q R P; and 15. Q takes R loses the Queen by the same check of the Knight. |
| 7. B takes B | P takes B | 16. Kt takes R P (ch) | K to Q 2nd |
| 8. Q to Kt 3rd | Q to Q 2nd | 17. Q takes P | K to Q 2nd |
| 9. Kt to Kt 5th | P to K 4th | 18. R takes Q P | |
| | | | The termination is very pretty and highly characteristic of Mr. Marriott's style. |
| 10. Q Kt takes P | Castles | 18. Q takes R | |
| 11. B to K 3rd | | | If 18. K takes R, White mates in six moves, commencing 19. B to B5th (ch) and 20. R to Q square. |
| 12. Kt to B 7th | Kt to R 4th | 19. Kt to B 8th (ch), | |
| 13. Q to Q 5th | Q takes Kt, &c. | and Black resigned. | |
| 13. Q takes Kt | Kt to R 3rd | | |
| 14. K R to B sq | B to K 2nd | | |

The following is a fair specimen of Melbourne chess. It was played between Messrs. LOUGHRAN and LULMAN, and the notes appended are by Mr. John Wisker.

(Ruy Lopez.)

| WHITE (Mr. Loughran). | BLACK (Mr. Lulman). | WHITE (Mr. Loughran). | BLACK (Mr. Lulman). |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|---|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 10. R to K sq | Kt to B 4th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 11. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to K 3rd |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q R 3rd | | By taking the Bishop at once, and then playing 12. B to Kt 2nd, he retains a chance. The move in the text enables White to develop a formidable attack. |
| 4. B to R 4th | P to Q Kt 4th | 12. P to B 4th | B to Kt 2nd |
| | | 13. P to B 5th | B to B 4th (ch) |
| 5. B to Kt 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | 14. K to R sq | Kt to Kt 4th |
| 6. Castles | B to K 2nd | 15. P to B 6th | Kt to R 6th |
| 7. P to Q 4th | Kt takes K P | 16. R to B sq | Kt to B 7th (ch) |
| 8. P takes Q P | | 17. R takes Kt | |
| | | | The finish is neat. |
| 8. P takes P | Kt takes Kt | 17. Q to Kt 4th | B takes R |
| 9. P takes Kt | Castles | 19. Q to B 4th, | P to K Kt 3rd |
| | | | and Black resigns. |

While English chessplayers are holding high holiday on the beach or the moor, our friends in the Australian colonies are opening their winter season. At the Melbourne Chess Club, observes the *Australasian*, the minor tournament is making satisfactory progress; and in Sydney a new chess club is to be formed, and a provisional committee to promote the project has been appointed at a preliminary meeting. About twenty-five members have been already enrolled, but double that number is expected to range themselves under the banner of Caissa.

America is a world of wonders. The latest addition to its list of these is a "deaf and blind poet," named Morison, who, says the *Picayune*, has been astonishing the New Orleans people by defeating the most skillful chess-players. "He has a board on which the men stand fitted into sockets, and with his hands he feels the field, by the sense of touch alone watching the movements of the enemy, forming his combinations against him, analysing the most intricate situations, and coming off victorious most of the time."

Newark having been enriched with a free library by the generosity of Mr. William Gilstrap, of Farnham Park, Bury St. Edmund's (a native of the borough), at a cost, with the land and endowment, of about £10,000, the inhabitants invited Mr. and Mrs. Gilstrap to a soiree, in order that they might publicly testify their high appreciation of his wise munificence. The Corn Exchange, where the meeting took place, was crowded, under the presidency of Mr. S. Whiles, and the generous donor met with an enthusiastic reception.

Speaking at a flower show at Salisbury last week, Earl Nelson said the surest sign of a well-conducted and happy family among the agricultural community was the cottage window. If the windows showed an array of flowers and a clean gauze blind, they would find the kitchen clean and the children decent. The windows were the index to the character of the occupants. Flowers were a distinct factor in social elevation, and had an influence which conduced to civilisation.—Mr. Dodson, M.P., in distributing the prizes at Barcombe Flower Show, near Lewes, pointed out to the competitors, who chiefly belonged to the agricultural class, the advantages which the cultivation of a garden offers, not only for occupation of spare time, but as a means of cultivating taste.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1882), with a codicil (dated March 13, 1883), of Mr. Henry Matcham, late of Townley Castle, Ramsgate, who died on March 13 last, at No. 2, Edith-road, West Kensington, has been proved by James Morshead Barnes, Thomas Thornton, and Frederick Shelley Rix, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £95,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 and a house in Connaught-square to his sister Mrs. Anne Thornton; £5000 to his sister Mrs. Sarah King; £2000 to his niece, Mary Ann King; £5000 to his medical attendant, Edward Bevan Tench; £5000, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Morant Gale, for life, and then for her children; £5000, upon trust, for his sister Eliza Matcham, for life, and then for the children of his late sister Louisa Michael; £500 each to the Ramsgate Dispensary and the Hospital for Incurables, Putney; £300 each to the Seamen's Home, Ramsgate, and the Smack Boys' Home, Ramsgate; and numerous legacies to friends, executors, servants, and others. The residue of his property he leaves to Richard Brindley Hooper, of Clifton.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1881) of Mr. Edward Daun, late of The Firs, Mitcham, and of the Lambeth Distillery, Lambeth-road, rectifier and distiller, who died on Feb. 15 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Mrs. Rose Anne Daun, the widow, Charles Jenkin Coles and Thomas Valentine Smith, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £84,000. The testator leaves his real estate to his wife for life and then to his son Edward Robert; he also leaves to his wife £1000, certain plate, and his pictures, wines, household goods, horse and carriage; to his sons Edward Robert and Charles James such additional interest in his partnership business as will make their shares of the profits seven and a half thirtieths each, and their capital £30,000 each, subject to their paying interest on the latter sums to his wife for her life, and to a payment to his estate at her death in proportion to the amount of the general residue; and there are legacies to his executors, partners, and to several persons in the employ of his firm. The residue of the personality is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death for his son William Henry, and his daughters, Emily and Alice Elizabeth.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1879), with a codicil (dated July 15, 1881), of the Rev. Charles Blackden, late of Wilton-crescent, Knightsbridge, who died on July 2 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Frederick Chalfont Blackden, Marcus Seton Blackden, and Walter Henry Blackden, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £66,000. The testator leaves annuities to nieces, charged on his share of the Blackden family estate in Fore-street, held under renewable leases from the Corporation of the City of London; and there are a few legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his said three nephews.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1882) of Mrs. Elizabeth Marie Hardwicke, late of Tytherington Grange, Gloucestershire, who died on April 6 last at Thornbury, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Hardwicke Lloyd Hardwicke, the husband, and John Thurburn MacLaine, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testatrix gives £2000 to her father, William Osborn MacLaine; £300 to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rachel Hay MacLaine; £100 to Mrs. Annette Edwards; and the rest of her money in two equal parts to her said brother and to her husband.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1882) of Mrs. Mary Built, late of Union-street, Hertford, who died on Jan. 5 last, has been proved by James Corner and Edward Knight Jakeman, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Hertford Infirmary, £50 to the Church Missionary Society, and numerous annuities and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her executor, Mr. Corner, absolutely.

The will (dated May 15, 1883) of Mrs. Mary Wright, late of Eden Mount, Stanwix, Cumberland, who died on May 20 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Pattinson Dalton and Henry Dalton, the brothers, and John Hewetson Brown, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testatrix, among other legacies, bequeaths £2000, upon trust, for her daughter Mary Wright, and £12,000, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Stead for life, and then for her son, Edmund Stead, and his children. The residue of her real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Sybella Durie.

The will (dated June 9, 1851) of Admiral Frederick Edward Vernon Harcourt, late of No. 51, Cadogan-square, who died on April 30 last, has been proved by Augustus George Vernon Harcourt, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator leaves all his property to his children. The deceased was the fourth son of the Most Rev. Edward Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of York.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1873), with a codicil (dated July 27, 1881), of Dame Anne Helena Winnington, formerly of Stamford Court, Worcestershire, but late of No. 116, Queen's-gate, who died on March 28 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Francis Phipps Onslow and Herbert Winnington Domville, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix gives £2000 and certain diamonds and jewellery to her daughter, the Hon. Helena Caroline Hanbury Tracey; to the Rector and churchwardens of Stamford £650, upon trust, to apply the income in support of the elementary parochial school of the said parish, and a further sum of £500, upon trust, to apply the income in relief of the necessitous poor and in support of the clothing club of the same parish; £500 to the Rector and churchwardens of Clifton on Teme, the income to be applied in assisting the necessitous poor and in support of the elementary parochial school of the parish, and a legacy of £200 to the parish of Sauey for a similar purpose; £100 to the Worcester Infirmary; £60 to the Torquay Consumption Hospital; and legacies to her executors, god-children, and others; the furniture and effects at Stamford Court and her pearl set are made heirlooms to go with the mansion house. The residue of her property she leaves to her son, Sir Francis Salwey Winnington. The deceased was the eldest daughter of Sir C. Domville, Bart., and the widow of Sir Thomas Edward Winnington, the fourth Baronet.

The governors of the Newcastle Eye Infirmary have decided to build a new infirmary, at a cost of £4000.

The first appointments under the new Bankruptcy Act have been made. Mr. John Smith, manager of the London and Yorkshire Bank, and author of several well-known papers on bankruptcy, read at the Bankers' Institute, has been appointed Inspector-General in Bankruptcy, and will have general charge of the administrative business intrusted to the Board of Trade by the Act. Mr. R. P. Harding, the senior partner of Messrs. Harding, Whinney, and Co., accountants, receives a special appointment for five years as principal Official Receiver of the London Court of Bankruptcy. Mr. E. Hough, an assistant clerk at the Board of Trade, who has given valuable assistance in the preparation of the bill, has been appointed Chief Clerk in Bankruptcy, and will assist Mr. Smith in the general conduct of the administrative business.

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E. P. GUEST, Chemist, Brentwood, Essex, writes: "Feb. 20, 1883. Have the goodness to send me an ample supply of Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES, as I get such good accounts of them from my clients. One of my customers, whose head was BALD, has quite a THICK CROP OF HAIR GROWING from the use of your DR. SCOTT'S HAIR BRUSH, which he had of me to cure the headache—this it speedily relieved."

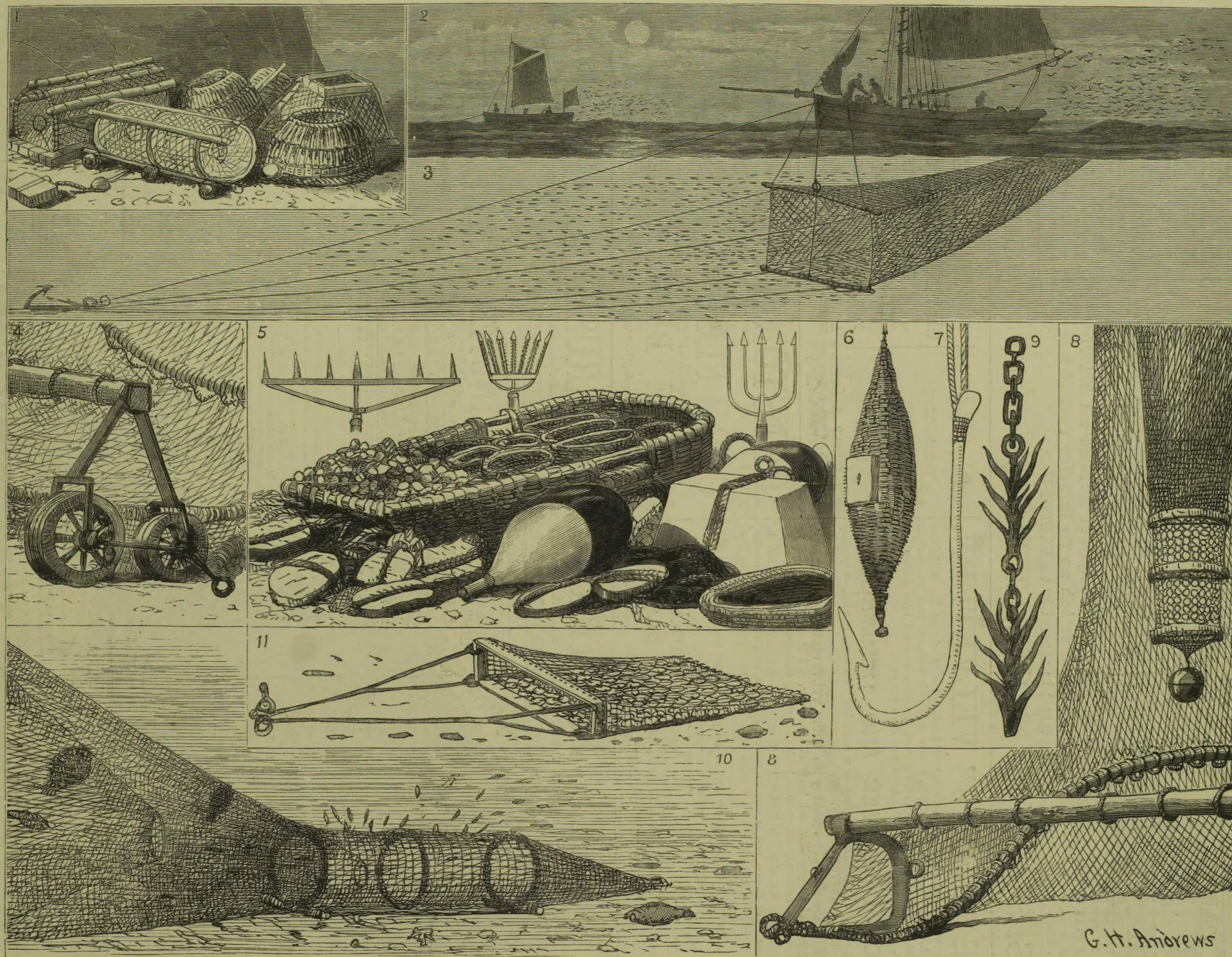
This is a BRISTLE BRUSH, NOT ANY WIRES.

From Rev. R. ANTRIM, Vicar of Slapton, King's Bridge, South Devon, Feb. 10, 1883. "Your Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH is quite a treasure. It has not only cured frequent Nervous Headaches, but (what I had no expectation of) has, at my advanced age (78), given me a FRESH HEAD OF HAIR, of the Natural Colour! Many thanks to you for it."

Dr. NICHOLSON PRICE, M.R.C.S., Mount Pleasant, Leeds, writes:—"A patient of mine has been using Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH, she having suffered from Neuralgia, and informs me that she has received considerable benefit from it. As I am troubled with nervous headaches, I should be glad if you would send me one."

From Major PENROSE DUNBAR, of Northfield (late) the Buffs, 20, Moorgate-street, London:—"Feb. 10, 1883.—I bought a pair of your Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES, and have very great pleasure in testifying to their many good qualities. In cases of Headache, Languor, or Over-Taxation of the Brain, they are most invaluable. I have also your ELECTRIC FLESH BRUSH, and I will never move without it. A sure and certain remedy for pain."

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